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THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MIDLOTHIAN.

THAT Mr. GLADSTONE's advisers have been wise in refusing him permission to undertake, in pure lightness of heart, a new Midlothian campaign, there can be no doubt; and he has lacked sympathy neither from friends nor foes for the immediate cause which has produced the warning. All who have anything to do with intellectual work know that when, not at a time of particular stress, but after it, sleeplessness by night and lassitude by day come upon a man, these things are the clearest of clear warnings to him to hold his hand; and, if he cannot abstain from work altogether, at any rate to indulge in no excesses of it. It is possible to disregard these warnings, perhaps more than once; but it is never possible to disregard them with impunity. Mr. GLADSTONE probably has fewer of them than most men, certainly fewer than most men who do anything like his work. The reason is tolerably obvious—it is because Mr. GLADSTONE, though constantly in a state of excitement, is never in a state of worry. Worry always springs from a certain doubt of one's own powers, one's own deserts, the honesty of one's own motives, the correctness of one's own conduct, the sufficiency of one's own means of doing battle with fortune. A gracious Providence has saved Mr. GLADSTONE from liability to any qualms of this kind. Unless, therefore, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. RICHARD have, unknown to the public, found a joint in the cataphract of Mr. GLADSTONE's moral and intellectual self-confidence, it must be sheer hard work which has broken him down—a state of things always worthy of liberal sympathy. The ungenerous grumbler who would suggest that the hard work—at least its final task—was entirely of Mr. GLADSTONE's own choosing, that nobody in England wanted an Autumn Session or cared twopence about the objects of it except Mr. GLADSTONE, need not be listened to, nor his equally importunate brother who might hint that the task now proposed to be undertaken, but for Dr. ANDREW CLARK's veto, was equally gratuitous. The country would have got on excellently without New Rules; it is not at all probable that, if it does not get on excellently, it will be for want of a week's ingenious apology, indiscreet confession, and vigorous invective from the PREMIER. But these propositions need not in any case interfere with the feeling of sympathy which must be shared by people of all parties towards an overworked PRIME MINISTER.

The duties imposed by the courtesy of the political arena being properly discharged, it may be permitted to reckon up the loss and gain attending the execution of Dr. ANDREW CLARK's orders. It is impossible for even the most generously-minded man not to feel that much curious intellectual occupation and pleasure have been lost by Mr. GLADSTONE's not going to Midlothian. They may be only postponed, for something is said about an Easter campaign. But as some six weeks or so of a Session which, considering the new arrangements for moving the adjournment of the House, is not unlikely to try Mr. GLADSTONE somewhat, will have to be got through before Easter, and as there is at least a possibility of the unforeseen in general politics blotting out the remembrance of the past, it is but too probable that the particular delights referred to come under Mr. BROWNING's phrase, "This could but have happened once, and we missed it, lost it, for ever." The Treaty of Kilmainham, the Egyptian campaign, and the negotiations which have or have not taken place with the Vatican, are subjects than

which it is difficult even to imagine any more peculiarly suited to Mr. GLADSTONE's happiest style of eloquence. It may be urged that, as Mr. GLADSTONE denies that there was any Treaty of Kilmainham, he could not with propriety discuss that arrangement in black and red. But then it must be remembered that Mr. GLADSTONE once went near to denying categorically, if he did not actually and categorically deny, that there was any war in Egypt, and it is not to be thought that he would have been able to be silent about that. Indeed the non-existence of a thing has never been any more reason for its exclusion from Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches than for its exclusion from the consideration of a deep and far-reaching metaphysic. The way in which Mr. GLADSTONE would have disposed of Mr. FORSTER on one side and Mr. O'SHEA on the other could hardly fail to be delightful. Nor would his exposition of the ERRINGTON *agenzia* (it is notoriously unsafe to use any but Italian terms of this matter) have lacked piquancy, addressed as it would have been to an audience supposed to be peculiarly averse to dealings with the Scarlet Woman. But undoubtedly the Egyptian passages would have been the most satisfactory, and would have most fully carried out the famous dictum of the patriarch of French Positivists, "Ce GLADSTONE est beaucoup plus fort que BEACONSFIELD; il fait les mêmes choses et il fait croire qu'il ne les fait pas." It is exactly this process of producing belief to which M. LAFITTE looked forward which we have lost—a loss great, if not irreparable. When to these things is added the chance of a fair sprinkling of those extraordinary political generalizations which Mr. GLADSTONE always prepares for such an occasion, the full extent of the public misfortune may be not fully apprehended, but at least divined. For nearly four years the Wicked Grandfather has pined for some one to come and share his obloquy, while the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation might almost hope to be reaffirmed *totidem verbis*, considering the work of enfranchisement and redistribution which the Government are supposed to have in hand.

At the same time, it would be idle to deny that in this, as in other cases, there is a certain "gain of loss." These campaigns of Mr. GLADSTONE's have, at least in some men's eyes, more than one effect which is anything but beneficial on English politics. In the first place, that peculiar species of wickedness which consists in defending yourself when you are attacked, and in proportioning the vigour and acrimony of the defence to the vigour and acrimony of the attack, is inherent in political parties. The bad blood which Mr. GLADSTONE's last flourish of trumpets against the walls of the Duke of Buccleuch's palace stirred up has hardly cooled or sweetened itself yet, and it certainly does not require a fresh irritant. In the second place, it has been doubted by persons, not of one political colour only, whether the process of alternately inducing political excitement by artificial means, and then satisfying it by legislation, is theoretically commendable or practically wholesome. From this last point of view there is no doubt that the loss of the Midlothian campaign is to the bitter partisans among the Ministerialists a severe disappointment. They know, and they have ingeniously enough let out the fact of the knowledge in their sorrow over Mr. GLADSTONE's illness, that in the stimulants administered by his heady eloquence lies almost all the motive power of the Radical party. Nobody, speaking of the mass of the nation, cares one jot for further political change, though the mass of the Liberal

party may not have any strong dislike to it. Nobody out of an infinitesimal minority cares one jot for the half political, half social, measures of disturbance in reference to metropolitan and county government which are also promised. The measures which are really cared for are measures which are indifferent to partisans and party managers, and which therefore bring them, not profit or power, but simply trouble. They had to strain the personal allegiance of members to Mr. GLADSTONE and the coercing force of the Caucus to the very bursting point, in order to force through the New Rules against a similar indifference; and they may well think that this indifference, if not dislike, will be stronger when measures are brought on which more directly affect the electors and their representatives. It is not to be forgotten that it was the fickleness of the small English boroughs in 1880 which principally gave Mr. GLADSTONE his majority, and, however cunningly the new double thimble-rig game of county franchise and redistribution may be played, it is a game which can hardly turn out to the advantage of those boroughs or the profit of those who represent them. Therefore more steam is needed for the machine, and a campaign from Mr. GLADSTONE is the easiest way of supplying that steam. Indeed it would appear from the statements of Mr. GLADSTONE's adulators that it is not only the easiest, but the only way, and that they have but foregone it in the present instance for fear of a catastrophe which, it is all but frankly admitted, would leave their party steamless—a wrecked heap of machinery with no motive power—for a period not easily calculable.

EGYPT.

STEP by step a new order of things is being established in Egypt. Lord DUFFERIN is working slowly, but he is working in many different directions, and in every direction he is working on the same lines. In conception his policy is simple enough. It is that England shall form a general scheme for the re-settlement of Egypt—a scheme dealing with the whole of Egyptian administration, and with each part in its relations to the whole. In order that such a scheme may be worthy of England, it must in the first place be beneficial to the Egyptians, and in the next place it must offer adequate guarantees for the supreme interests of England and for the minor interests of other Powers. Prudence, courage, and a continuance of the marvellous good fortune which has befriended the present Government in its dealings with Egypt, may make it possible that such a scheme should be really worked out. Something has already been done towards working it out. Sir EVELYN WOOD is in Egypt, has got the English officers he wished for to serve under him, and has found the supply of native non-commissioned officers both more abundant and of better quality than he expected. The renewal for a year of the treaties by which the international tribunals are constituted gives time to study the difficulties caused at once by the deficiencies of the present Egyptian code and by the excessive intrusion into the sphere of the Egyptian Government which it permits; and, at the same time, Lord DUFFERIN is consulting the most competent advisers he can find as to the best means of giving the natives local justice of a simple but efficient character. In finance there is an important project, which may soon assume a practical shape, for selling off the Domain Lands, and thus relieving Egypt from one of the numerous forms of foreign control. The Indemnity Commission is also announced as being ready to begin its sittings; and it has been decided that the amount of the admitted claims shall be determined before the means of settling them are discussed. Lord DUFFERIN is also said to have in his mind some plan for giving Egypt, if not representative institutions, at least such an approach to representative institutions as it can bear. The character and the value of these institutions almost entirely depend on the order in which the different parts of Egyptian government are taken up. An Egyptian Assembly determining what army it would have, what law it would accept, and whom it would pay, would plunge the country in fresh anarchy. But a body more or less consultative, which found the army, law, and finance all settled for it, might occasionally do real good, and might satisfy the susceptibilities both of the Egyptian and the English public.

While, however, it may be admitted that, if Lord DUFFERIN is allowed time and fair play, and is not hampered

either by foreign opposition or by what is much more formidable, English Parliamentary interference, a good scheme for the government of Egypt may be worked out, it must also be recognized that the goodness of the plan foreshadowed by the steps which Lord DUFFERIN is taking entirely depends on the permanency of a very close connexion between England and Egypt. That a state of things may be established which will permit the army of occupation being wholly or in a very large measure withdrawn may be probable. But the withdrawal of the army of occupation will not be the withdrawal of England. The good institutions will have to be kept good, and what will keep them good will be partly the ordinary supervision of England, and partly the knowledge that in extraordinary circumstances the army of occupation, if withdrawn, will come back. This supervision of England and this possibility of the return of the army of occupation will be rendered necessary, not only by the nature of things in Egypt itself, but by the nature of things on the borders of Egypt. A proposal has been made for neutralizing the Suez Canal in the sense that it is to be open to all vessels of all nations in war and peace, and no military operations are to be carried on in it or at its approaches. This is a proposal which gives other Powers as well as England all they can want; but it is evident that when England makes it she assumes that there will be an open Canal, in which the ships of all nations shall pass. The justification of her interference in Egypt was that, unless there is a good, strong, just Government at Cairo, the Canal cannot be kept open. In offering an open Canal she therefore offers also a Government at Cairo with which she is satisfied, and with which she may expect every other Power to be satisfied. She makes herself the guardian of the Canal against anarchical Egypt; and, as the Canal is to be permanently open, she will have permanently to put down the first beginnings of anarchy in Egypt. Then there is the Soudan, which has long been a cause of great difficulty to Egypt, and now promises to be a cause of great difficulty to England. The Soudan is the hot-bed of the North-East African slave trade, and the only possible way of suppressing the slave trade, or of in any way diminishing it, is for Egypt, under the guidance of England, to make its nominal dominion over the Soudan a real one. England has for years been worrying Egypt to put down the slave trade, and now that Egypt is not only ready but obliged to do everything which England orders her to do, it would be the extreme of audacity and hypocrisy to declare that the suppression of the slave trade is really a matter of no consequence. It is not necessary to suppose that Egypt or England will embark on a grand crusade to put down slavery along the whole banks of the Nile; but Egypt will be expected to have an army that will throw some obstacles in the way of the slave trade, and gradually introduce some sort of discipline and order in the Soudan. The meaning of a good Egyptian army is an army that can do this, as well as enforce quiet on the Delta and guard the Canal. In order that the Egyptian army may be good, it is to be under English officers. England cannot suffer an army officered by Englishmen, and for the goodness of which England is responsible, to be lightly risked, or despatched under conditions which destine it to failure and perhaps extermination. England will therefore have to supervise the Egyptian army whether forces have to be sent to Ismailia or Khartoum, and this supervision will have to be as permanent as are the risks against which it will have to guard.

The Joint Control has at last been brought formally to an end. Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN has resigned his office, and has written a letter of farewell to his French colleagues. In its day the Control did much good. It supervised the Egyptian Government, and taught or forced it to do its work much better than its work had been done before. It abolished many taxes, enlarged the incidence of others in cases where the rich had unfairly escaped, made known what was to be paid and when, and planned the whole outlay of the Government. It was connected with the Law of Liquidation in this way. In all that appertained to the receipt of revenue from the assigned districts, the creditors were amply protected by the Commissioners of the Public Debt. But no assignment of revenues can constitute in the long run a solid security unless the general government of the country is decently good. The Control therefore supplemented the Commission of

the Debt by offering a generally good Government, under which the assigned revenues should be received. A body that acts directly on a Government must be mainly political, and the Control was effective because it represented the political influence of England and France. England now offers to do directly what the Control did indirectly, to establish and maintain a good Government in Egypt, and she insists that in this she shall act alone. As regards the creditors, she substitutes herself for the Control, and the creditors may be very glad of the exchange. As regards France, she simply says that France must not share with her any longer that political supervision which was typified in the Control. Lord GRANVILLE tried hard to reconcile France to this change, and he at one time hoped that the French Government might accept the Presidency of the Debt Commission as a compensation for the loss of its share in the Control. It is not surprising that the French Government declined. The Debt Commission and the Control are not on the same plane. One is financial; the other political. The one supervises the receipt and distribution of money; the other supervises the policy and conduct of a Government. France, therefore, declined the English proposal, and would make no counter-proposal. She might be forced to give up her share of political supervision, but she would not own that there was anything else equal to it. Lord GRANVILLE has thus been obliged to take the matter into his own hands, and announce openly to France that old arrangements and engagements are at an end, and that England alone will henceforth supervise the Egyptian Government. France may be expected to receive the announcement without any open show of displeasure; nor is any passing feeling of jealousy or coldness on the part of France the really important consequence to Englishmen of the abolition of the Control. What is of the greatest moment is that England now assumes a new liability. She takes the place of the Control; she pledges herself to Europe generally that there shall be a good Government in Egypt, under which the Law of Liquidation shall be carried out; and she pledges herself specially to France that the sole supervision of England shall fulfil all the useful objects which the joint supervision of England and France contemplated. In every way, therefore, it is evident what it is that we are really going to do with Egypt. We are going to set up in Egypt the best Government we can. But this is only the beginning of things. When this good Government has been set up, we are pledging ourselves that we will so effectually supervise, guide, and support it that it shall be, not merely at its outset, but permanently, good, strong, and just.

THE CONSERVATIVE OPPOSITION.

IN the present condition of political parties the uses of prosperity seem to be better than the uses of adversity. The Liberal party, consisting of several sections divided by utterly incompatible interests, wishes, and principles, nevertheless manages to unite in fervent devotion to the chief who determines its policy. An overwhelming majority actuated, at least for the moment, by a common purpose, could scarcely fail to accomplish its objects even if it were confronted by equally disciplined adversaries. The Opposition, unfortunately, includes some restless members, who appear to be more anxious to vindicate their respective personal claims than to promote either the welfare of the party or the security of the menaced institutions which it is bound to defend. Mr. RAIKES publishes in the *Nineteenth Century* an acute and instructive essay on "The Functions of an Opposition," which is nevertheless ill-timed, and likely to aggravate the internal disunion which it discloses. Mr. RAIKES refers with just disapproval to recent illustrations of the old proverbs about household linen and birds' nests. He has reason both on public and on personal grounds to resent the attacks which have been made on the conduct of the Conservative leaders by malcontents who at the same time express a suspicious enthusiasm for the conduct and character of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not a little surprising that Mr. RAIKES should himself complain in a similar spirit of the influence over the counsels of the party which is exercised by some of Lord BEACONSFIELD's former colleagues. Ex-Ministers are recommended to "stand aside at least for a time to see whether others may not establish a better claim to

"the confidence of their colleagues." Jealousies and personal criticisms, if they are not altogether suppressed, ought at least not to be uttered within hearing of political opponents. While Mr. RAIKES finds fault with two or three of the most respectable members of the Opposition, less scrupulous propagators of mutiny blame Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; and Mr. EDWARD CLARKE a few days ago recommended in a public speech the deposition of Lord SALISBURY. It is not without reason that Liberal writers taunt the Opposition with its internal anarchy, or trace out for it the course of abstention which it is ironically recommended to pursue. Even in its relations with the newspaper press the Opposition is at present unlucky. The principal organ of the Conservative party appears to sympathize with Sir CHARLES DILKE's denunciations of nearly all existing institutions.

Though Mr. RAIKES professes to be satisfied with the actual leaders of the party, he cannot resist the temptation of hinting that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is not sufficiently pugnacious. He believes that, if there had been a Mr. GATHORNE HARDY in the House of Commons, the Government might have been overthrown by a vigorous onslaught delivered on the occasion of the Kilmainham Treaty. There is no doubt that many of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, and some of his remaining colleagues, shared Mr. FORSTER's disapproval of the scandalous bargain; but, if the Opposition had attacked the Government in force, the party, with or without pressure from the Cancauses, would have answered the most convincing arguments by the display of a compact majority. It is still more certain that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been driven by defeat to resignation, the Opposition would not, either before or after a dissolution, have been strong enough to form a Government. It may be true that an opportunity of appealing to public opinion was wasted; but the most vigorous invective would have produced no practical or permanent result. The expression of regret is the more remarkable because Mr. RAIKES elsewhere makes some judicious remarks on the error committed by party managers who, with the aid of casual majorities, snatch a victory by which they are unable to profit. He blames Mr. DISRAELI for his concurrence in the coalition which defeated Lord PALMERSTON in 1857 on the China war. It is true that the combined efforts of Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE were for the time successful in defeating the Minister whom some of them bitterly hated, while others only coveted his succession. At the general election which followed Lord PALMERSTON scattered his adversaries to the winds; but a year afterwards he succumbed to a combined attack of the same ill-assorted confederacy. Neither Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE nor his supposed rival had the opportunity of forming an equally powerful combination; and it is but fair to assume that the present Conservative leaders would have been more scrupulous than the confederates of a former generation.

A party which is strong and prosperous, even though it may not have attained office, can afford with comparative impunity to indulge in domestic squabbles. Mr. RAIKES criticizes with much, and perhaps with just, severity Mr. DISRAELI's long career as a leader of Opposition. He has perhaps forgotten the incessant plots of envious subordinates against a supremacy which they had in the first instance unwillingly recognized. The late Lord DERBY did his utmost to disappoint the ambition of the lieutenant by whom he was ultimately ruled. At one time he proposed to put the office of leader in commission; but Mr. DISRAELI announced that he had so entire a confidence in the capacity of his proposed colleagues that he would not aspire to a place in the directing Board. At a public dinner Lord DERBY affected to hesitate whether he should call on Mr. DISRAELI to represent the House of Commons. Mr. RAIKES truly observes that Mr. DISRAELI's ability as a leader scarcely compensated for the personal repugnance which he inspired in some politicians who might have joined the Conservative party if he had not been in the way. It appears from the WILBERFORCE Correspondence that in 1857 Mr. DISRAELI urged Mr. GLADSTONE to join Lord DERBY's Government. He was probably aware that he was himself the chief obstacle to an arrangement which might perhaps have saved the country from many misfortunes and dangers. His colleagues failed in an attempt to cause a vacancy in the Viceroyalty of India which might have been filled by Mr. DISRAELI. They fully expected that, if the questionable manoeuvre succeeded, Mr. GLADSTONE would at once have undertaken

the lead of the Ministerial party in the House of Commons. Before Mr. RAIKES's recollection, Sir ROBERT PEEL himself was not unanimously trusted by the Opposition which he guided with unequalled skill. Lord LYNCHURST constantly intrigued against him, and he sometimes defeated in the House of Lords Ministerial measures which PEEL had supported in the House of Commons. The party which in 1841 formed a strong Government, and even the party which obtained office in 1874, could afford to grumble at their respective leaders. The Opposition of 1883 would, under the most favourable conditions, wage an unequal contest with Mr. GLADSTONE's Government. It has to defend constitutional freedom against democratic projects of levelling and destruction. A patriotic Conservative might in such a case forget some petty grievances.

A younger member of the Opposition, Mr. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, contributes another article on the same subject to the *Nineteenth Century*. Although he is heartily loyal to his party, he in one passage seems to doubt whether Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is its undisputed leader. If the post were unfortunately to become vacant, even discontented aspirants would regret too late the loss of a chief whom it would be difficult to replace. Mr. BRODRICK is right in dwelling on the necessity of representing principles rather than party tactics. A vivacious young politician lately propounded a smart fallacy to the effect that the business of an Opposition was to oppose. It would be more to the purpose to remember that the business of Conservatives is to conserve or defend the great institutions of the country. Their function is not to attack the Government in and out of season, but to expose the destructive tendencies of its most active members and of its chief. Sir CHARLES DILKE, in a week of speeches, compiled an exhaustive catalogue of the innovations which are, if possible, to be introduced before the dissolution of the present Parliament. A few of the proposed measures, such as the County Government Bill, may possibly appear to some of their supporters likely to produce practical advantage. The Corrupt Practices Bill so far differs from other Ministerial projects that it will equally affect both parties. In all other cases legislation will be exclusively employed to strengthen the democratic element in the Constitution. The abolition of the City Corporation, and the creation of a vast municipality resting on the suffrage of an enormous constituency, will effectually exclude the wealth and intelligence of the capital from all share in local government. The object of the measure will be attained in the support which will probably be given to Radical policy by a powerful representative body meeting in the immediate neighbourhood of Parliament. The extension of household suffrage to the counties will finally destroy the Whig party, while it will permanently weaken the Tories. When all these changes are accomplished, the expropriation of landlords will be attempted with every hope of success. Whether any Conservative Opposition may survive is at present doubtful. In the meantime the Conservatives, who still constitute two-fifths of the House of Commons, would be better employed in denouncing revolution than in quarrelling among themselves.

GAMBETTA AND CHANZY.

THE French Deputies have naturally had no time this week to give to their Parliamentary duties. A large number of them are busy in moving house. That desirable political residence, the Republican Union, is to let, owing to the death of the late owner. While M. GAMBETTA lived it was the home of a large and active family; now that he is gone, it is, for this or that reason, unsuited to every one of its late occupants. The Republican Union was made up of men who saw in M. GAMBETTA their best protection against Radicalism, and of men who hoped that he would prove in regard to Radicalism that fair and softly goes far. For each theory of his character and position there was something to be said. Indeed the very circumstance that the two opinions were entertained of the same man enabled him to do much for the furtherance of both. In so far as the Radicals had hopes of him, he could ask the Moderates not to force on a breach which would drive many wavering Opportunists into the arms of the Extreme Left. In so far as he had influence with the Moderates, he could ask the Radicals not to make de-

mands which would lose them even that half-hearted support which, under his leadership, the Moderates were prepared to give to Radical projects. M. GAMBETTA probably believed that, with time and a different method of election, he might combine these two sections into a homogeneous whole. For the present each believed that M. GAMBETTA would end by becoming wholly theirs; he, on the contrary, expected that both sections would end by becoming wholly his. The Moderates thought that M. GAMBETTA was in advance of the country, and that he would ultimately find out his mistake. The more Radical members of the group thought that he lagged behind the country; but they were equally confident that in the end he would have to move faster. M. GAMBETTA's conviction probably was that the country was exactly where he was, neither much given to lag behind with the Moderates nor to run on ahead with the Extremists. With *Scrutin de liste* he expected to prove the truth of this theory, and by that means to build up a party which should be Gambettist in fact as well as in name. Whether he would have failed or succeeded in this attempt can now never be known. Probably he would have found, as so many have found before him, that to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare is less easy than it seems. But he has left no one behind him who will even make the attempt. M. CLÉMENTEAU's English friends are anxious to make out that he is really exceedingly moderate—indeed, one Paris correspondent has instanced as a conclusive proof of this tendency that on the liquor question his views are identical with those of Sir WILFRID LAWSON. But, though he will probably lead the Extreme Left with some show of moderation, that is not of itself a qualification for leading the Moderate Left. It will be impossible, therefore, for the two sections of the Republican Union again to find a common chief. The Radicals in the group will naturally join M. CLÉMENTEAU; the Moderates will become absorbed in the Democratic Union, by which name what used to be the pure Left has for some little time past been known. M. GAMBETTA's death will thus further in some degree the formation of that Ministerial majority which he tried with so little success to form in his lifetime.

Even this, however, is but another proof of the change which his disappearance will make in French politics. The members of this great group, the most important in the Chamber, were bound together by no tie except belief in M. GAMBETTA. They could have no common programme because a common programme implies common principles. What united them was simply a conviction that when M. GAMBETTA reduced his own principles to shape, they would prove to be those with which the two sections of his followers respectively credited him. Now these sections will have to join their natural allies, and by this means the apparent unity of the Republican party will sustain a certain shock. Hitherto there was always a possibility that all Republicans who were not also wholly Irreconcilable might one day accept M. GAMBETTA's leadership and oppose a united front to reaction and Communism. In future the division between the Left and the Advanced Left will be more clearly marked, while the members of each will be more nearly balanced. If the result of this is to draw an unmistakable line between the policy of the Moderate Republicans and the policy of the Radicals, the Republic may in the end be better served by these divisions than it has been by the nominal unity which has hitherto prevailed. Where party union can be secured by the suppression of unimportant differences, it is well worth the sacrifice; but no good has ever been done by ignoring a real divergence of aims. Ever since the final establishment of the Republic this is what the French Liberals have been trying to do, and the result has been seen, as in these cases it always is seen, in the steady advance of the most extreme section of the party. Moderates and Radicals have alike talked of the blessings of union; but with the Radicals union has always meant union on a platform provided by themselves, whereas with the Moderates it has stood for union on a platform provided by their opponents. It is by no means certain that the Moderates of the Republican Union will not go on making this futile attempt to combine things that are not capable of combination, even after their absorption in the Democratic Union. Should they do so, the triumph of the Advanced Left will be all the more rapid by reason of M. GAMBETTA's removal.

From a military point of view, France has sustained a

greater loss in General CHANZY than in M. GAMBETTA. The one, no doubt, had an extraordinary faculty of raising armies; but the faculty of using them when raised is hardly less rare, and it seems to have been possessed in a very eminent degree by General CHANZY. The proofs which he gave of it while commanding on the Loire were the more remarkable because they were given under the greatest possible discouragements. He again and again reminded the Parliamentary Committee which inquired into the acts of the Government of National Defence that he was not responsible for the conduct of the campaign. His business was to obey the orders of the Government, and to do all he could to accomplish the ends he was directed to strive after. General CHANZY gave ample credit to M. GAMBETTA for energy and patriotism, and his opinion evidently was that the mistakes he made during the war were mainly due to the facility with which he yielded himself to those around him. Whenever General CHANZY was able to get at M. GAMBETTA alone he found that his suggestions were readily listened to and for the most part readily accepted. But, so soon as M. GAMBETTA was back at Bordeaux, he fell again under other influences, and General CHANZY's plans were constantly set aside in favour of some one else's—usually of M. DE FREYCINET'S. This kind of strategy was not likely to lead to any conspicuous success, and it shows how skilful General CHANZY's dispositions were that he was able to effect so much under conditions so disheartening. The difficulty that most constantly presented itself was that the Government wanted to fight for the Republic as well as for France; whereas General CHANZY steadily maintained that, if anything was to be done by the army, it must be made clear to it that the war was being carried on for the defence of France, and not for the defence of this or that form of government. He always found M. GAMBETTA willing to do anything that was suggested with a view to making this more clear; but the circumstance of General CHANZY's insisting upon it probably made the clique which surrounded M. GAMBETTA additionally suspicious of everything that he proposed. General CHANZY has died at the very moment when M. GAMBETTA'S death would probably have opened to him a new and important career. He would have been the natural candidate of the moderate Republicans for M. GRÉVY'S succession, and with M. GAMBETTA gone no name would have appealed with such force to the one glorious recollection that 1870 has left behind it. If in the course of the next three years the uneasiness at the advances which the Republic is making in the direction of Radicalism should become more general, the fact that he was a soldier might have greatly aided his chances. His death will strengthen the feeling that the fortunes of the country are now delivered over into the hands of untried men. So long as the times are quiet this may not much matter; but if from any cause they become troubled, it is a feeling that may have important results.

RECENT AMERICAN LEGISLATION.

THE activity in legislation of the outgoing American Congress is at the same time unexpected and intelligible. While politicians were speculating on the future results of the late election, the Republican party has determined to use its doomed majority before it expires for the purpose of both retrieving its own credit and of embarrassing the victorious Democrats in the moment of their triumph. After a series of insincere or abortive efforts, extending over three or four Presidential terms, the Senate and the House of Representatives have agreed on a Civil Service Reform Bill, which will undoubtedly receive the PRESIDENT'S assent. A Democratic Senator remonstrated with much force against the ungenerous conduct of the party which has so long distributed among its members the spoils of conquest. For more than twenty years the Civil Service has provided remuneration for services rendered to the Republicans, who now grudge their adversaries their turn of dignity and profit. There is no doubt that the complaint is well founded, though it failed to move the sympathy of the Senate. The proposal, though it was perhaps inconsistent with the rules of the political game, only gave effect to wishes which, if they are not universally entertained, have been for several years expressed with tedious reiteration. The Republicans had an obvious interest in baffling the electoral efforts of their

opponents, and for the moment they had nothing to lose. The Democrats, for their part, were pledged to the reform of abuses which they have long loudly denounced. They have also a possible means of escape from the effects of a self-denying ordinance. The new system can only be put in force by the President for the time being; and the Democrats, by whom the next incumbent of the office will almost certainly be appointed, hope perhaps that he will not be in a hurry to cripple the efforts of his party. They will not improbably be disappointed by Mr. ARTHUR'S natural desire to promote the astute policy of his friends in Congress. If he institutes a scheme by which the tenure of minor offices may be made permanent, and if he throws new appointments open to competition, his successor can scarcely defeat the intention of Congress. The operation of the measure will be hampered by an Amendment which was introduced in the Senate. The offices affected by the Bill are to be appropriated to the several States in proportion to their population. The competition will therefore on every occasion be confined to the citizens of a single State, and probably promotion in each department will be subject to the same rule. In former times a similar limitation to English counties prevailed in some of the colleges in Oxford and Cambridge.

The opponents of the measure failed to obtain a favourable hearing for arguments which, like all commonplaces, have a certain foundation in reason, or at least in superficial plausibility. English observers will not attach much weight to the suggestion that a body of irremovable civil servants will constitute a privileged aristocracy; yet there is no doubt that such an opinion or prejudice is widely spread among the American people. The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are the only Federal or State functionaries who have a permanent tenure of their offices. The Judges of all the State Courts are elected; and their terms, though they have in several States been recently extended, are still limited to comparatively short periods. Much jealousy will be excited by the appointment of a clerk in a public department who will have a right, not only to retain his place during good behaviour, but to succeed, under certain defined conditions, to higher posts as vacancies occur. The system, on the whole, works well in England; but in this country all but Parliamentary appointments have, as a rule, been held for life. The greater competence of permanent officers to perform the duties to which their lives are devoted weighs little with politicians and legislators in the United States. Almost every American is quick in learning a new business, and capable of filling without scandal any post which he may have influence enough to obtain. Exceptional fitness for an employment is itself thought to savour of aristocracy. The honesty of civil servants has not been uniformly secured by the existing system of patronage. The latest defalcation on a large scale attracts attention because the delinquent, who is the nephew of a former President of the United States, had formerly served with distinction in the Confederate army. Colonel POLK, State Treasurer of Tennessee, who has absconded with 100,000*l.*, has a kind of excuse for defrauding his employers in a recent resolution of the Legislature to repudiate the debt of the State. The money which is lost equitably belonged to the creditors, who would have been equally defrauded if the Treasurer had happened to be an honest man. According to some accounts, the defaulter had been a principal promoter of repudiation. He has probably had to disburse a portion of his gains in payment for his release from custody after he had been apprehended in Texas. He is said to have boasted that the Confederates in Tennessee were so numerous and so powerful that he had no prosecution to fear. Precautions will perhaps be taken against similar offences; but the Tennessee Legislature will scarcely co-operate in measures for purifying the public service. Probably POLK had rendered good service to the Democratic party in State and Federal elections. The only security against the frauds of a State is to abstain from trusting it with money. In the North repudiation is no longer popular because the several States are wealthy and populous, while the Central Government is troubled by an excess of revenue over expenditure. Twenty years have passed since the House of Representatives approved by an overwhelming majority of a resolution for paying the National Debt in depreciated paper currency.

A stronger, though less producible, argument against

Civil Service Reform is contained in the Republican version of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S famous question, How is the government to be carried on? The distribution of places as rewards for party services may have been in many ways objectionable; but in ordinary times American politics have been affected by no other motive power. As there is scarcely a substantial difference of opinion or object between rival parties, they have naturally constituted themselves into clubs, or sides arranged so as to play the political game. Rich men who were ambitious of legislative or executive office contribute largely to the funds at the disposal of central or local managers. The deficiency which is left after the receipt of voluntary contributions is supplied by assessments on office-holders exacted in proportion to their salaries. Within the last year the tax has been publicly levied, without regard to the discontent which it excited. The whole amount which is thus raised will be lost to the dominant party as soon as a Civil Service Reform Bill is put in force; and, with the funds at their command, the influence of the wire-pullers will decline, and perhaps disappear. Notwithstanding the laudable repentance of a faction on its death-bed, it will be difficult to overcome the inevitable resistance of the most powerful part of the community. The regular election managers, who can alone select nominees for the Presidency, may perhaps refuse to exercise their functions if they are dissatisfied with actual or proposed legislation. In England political cupidity and passion are still powerful with Caucuses and similar organizations. The people of the United States have few political issues to interest them, and the hope of prizes in the form of civil offices is the only force which can stimulate them to action. When English Clubs have established a dead level of democracy, they also will perhaps cease to be dangerous, and become simply and innocuously corrupt.

The moribund Congress has not been content to busy itself exclusively with legislation on the Civil Service. The report of the Tariff Commission has also been taken into consideration; and some attempts have been ostensibly made to modify the system of extravagant Protection. The Commission, which had been carefully constituted of Protectionist members, proposed a reduction of duties, amounting on the whole to 200,000*l.*, not on articles which are at present subjects of domestic monopoly, but on spices and other imported products. Both Houses have been playing with suggested reductions, but in every case with exclusive regard to the interests of American producers. Some more serious attempts have been made to relieve shipowners, but in all cases with systematic disregard of the real cause of their distress. If Congress thought fit to permit the purchase of ships in the cheapest market, the American marine would immediately recover its former prosperity. It is thought more expedient to humour the shipbuilders by maintaining the existing prohibition, and by considering fantastic schemes of bounties or of the free admission, for the sole benefit of shipowners, of the materials which they require. The Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times*, himself an inveterate Protectionist, boasts of the prosperity of the coasting trade, in which American ships have an absolute monopoly. He also states that in some distant voyages wooden American sailing vessels can still earn a livelihood for their owners. That they are almost excluded from the more profitable Atlantic trade he is compelled to admit. English competitors will learn with satisfaction that no result is likely to follow from the debates on the maritime navy. It is indeed doubtful whether the perverse economical policy of the United States is not on the whole beneficial to their English rivals. Other countries may be outworked or undersold; but the energy and the material resources of America could scarcely be surpassed but for suicidal legislation. There is no reason to expect a change of policy when the Democrats succeed to power. In the recent debates no party has advocated the introduction of a rational tariff.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AT BRIDGWATER.

WHEN Sir HENRY JAMES speaks, he is admitted to have certain advantages over not a few of his colleagues. He is, beyond all question, the least frequently "peccant in this kind" among those members of the present Government who have been furnished by Providence with the means of speaking well. He is seldom

guilty of the gross and violent breaches of the courtesy of political life which bad example in high places has made too common with some of them. Perhaps he atones for this by indulging occasionally in what may be now called—without offence to a respectable profession, which has long been officially furnished with another name—Attorneyism, rather than Attorney-Generalism. But for this defect a natural allowance is made. An advocate can hardly be very desperately blamed for allowing himself the usual license of advocacy, and for shaping his premisses and arguments with a view to his conclusion, instead of starting from his premisses, and accepting the conclusion, be it what it may. Moreover, though, like many moderate Liberals nowadays, Sir HENRY JAMES is wont chiefly to display his moderation by not resenting attacks on his principles, provided they come from his own side, and his liberality by giving those principles away when necessary, he belongs distinctly to the less revolutionary wing of the present Ministerial party. It is difficult to imagine him following that example which he described so pathetically at Bridgwater on Monday in the case of Mr. BRIGHT, and resigning office because Mr. GLADSTONE did anything particularly outrageous; but it is still more difficult to imagine him proposing or actively supporting anything very outrageous himself. He is of the willow, not the oak; but the willow is an agreeable, if not an imposing, object in a landscape, a strong if pliant tree, and it is good for manufacturing garden-seats, cricket-bats, Attorney-Generals, and other useful, if not indispensable, articles.

The careful reader of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bridgwater address will commend it as a literary composition of merit, though he may possibly feel inclined to smile at the adroitness with which the speaker skated over or round the dangerous places in his way. Sir HENRY JAMES'S eloquence might, indeed, have been retorted or commented in actual debate with not a little damaging effect. At the last general election he said, truly enough, that an Opposition candidate could for the most part only be supported by alleging his approval of Liberal principles generally. The antithesis is obvious (and, as it happens, just), that at the present moment a supporter of the Government must proclaim his hearty dissent from what are surely "Liberal principles generally"—that is to say, peace, abstinence from Coercion Acts, and the regulation of dealings between man and man by the operation of free contract and the laws of supply and demand. Sir HENRY'S defence of Mr. BRIGHT has been noted as pathetic and eloquent. But before Mr. BRIGHT left the Ministry he surely acquiesced in more than one act tending to the spending of farthings of his country's treasure and the shedding of drops of his country's blood—an historical boast of Mr. BRIGHT'S which may have served as an inspiration (of evil omen to both) for a certain utterance made in the Franco-German war. The improvement in Ireland is, according to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, entirely due to the vigour with which the Coercion Acts have been worked—a statement hardly consistent with the views, and still less consistent with the not very distant action, of his chiefs and colleagues. The measures of relief to Ireland are, in his opinion, justifiable only on the ground of the extremest necessity and the exceptional condition of the people. That is not exactly Mr. GLADSTONE'S language; and, if it be so, it is strange that these measures should have been carried into effect at the expense—exclusive, or almost exclusive—of a single class. Laudation of the late Lord RUSSELL—who, if alive, would assuredly detest and abominate almost the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy—is nearly as awkward in the mouth of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as laudation of Mr. BRIGHT, who has shaken the dust of the Cabinet off his feet at the wickedness and bloodthirstiness of Mr. GLADSTONE'S acts. Sir HENRY JAMES'S reminiscences of the unity of the Opposition between 1874 and 1880 seem to have been a good deal coloured by time, the bringer of oblivion; and, when he remarks that he and his friends always bowled straight at their opponents, he forgets that, according to the verdict of perfectly disinterested judges, the Opposition of that day were in such a hurry to get their opponents out that they quite as often bowled straight at the interests of the country. Finally, the list of what Liberals have given to the United Kingdom seems decidedly imperfect. There is no mention in it of the gag, of the Transvaal Convention, or of several other things surely notable enough. But that is the advantage of a party platform over Westminster in what was until recently the double sense of that

name. There is no learned brother on the other side to get up and reply, no inconvenient opponent on the opposite benches who has been taking notes on his knees.

The most important part of Sir HENRY JAMES'S speech was without doubt that relating to the contemplated measures affecting the constitution of Parliament, the Corrupt Practices Bill, the County Franchise, and the inevitable complement of the latter—a redistribution of seats. Of these, the first, which is Sir HENRY JAMES'S peculiar care, is infinitely the least important. There is a certain piquancy about the fact of a Liberal member for Taunton speaking in Bridgwater and denouncing bribery. But the Corrupt Practices Bill, as has often been pointed out, is a measure which is itself an organized hypocrisy. The party which used to be the bribing party (for the sins of the Tories lay rather in the direction of intimidation than bribery) has found in the Caucus a less disreputable, a more certain, and, above all, a cheaper method of influencing constituencies. Bribery being, if not useless, at least expensive, is to be given up with a great show of virtuous indignation, and the wholesale distribution, according to party principles, of municipal employments and benefits, which has already been begun in more than one model Radical borough, will supply all that is wanted. On the other hand, Tories have no reason to make a fight for a weapon at which at the last election they were notoriously over-matched, and which, while it is not a pretty one, is fast becoming useless to either side. In the details of the Bill the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and his party will naturally endeavour to secure as much advantage for themselves (to "get as much of their own way," as Sir CHARLES DILKE puts it with quaint directness) as they can. This is what, if Bridgwater had been a Palace of Truth, Sir HENRY JAMES would have said in relation to the Corrupt Practices Bill; it is almost what he did say in reference to the County Franchise and to redistribution. Redistribution, taken together with the franchise proposal, might be inconvenient to the Government, therefore the franchise must be enlarged first, and the details of redistribution must follow. It might not have struck a casual observer that there was any necessity for reference to University seats, which are neither directly nor indirectly affected. But Liberals of the Ministerialist type—it is questionable whether the name Liberal ought not now to be dropped altogether in their case—have been so deeply and bitterly wounded by the crushing defeat received at Cambridge with a candidate whose chances they thought exceptionally strong, and at the hands of an opponent whom they took every means fair and unfair to weaken, that their heart is still hot within them. Sir HENRY JAMES went out of his way to point out that with the extension of the County Franchise, freehold qualification, and with it plurality of votes, ought to go; and that, plurality of votes of one kind having gone, he could find no reason for plurality of another. The argument is an obvious fallacy, for the word "plurality" is essentially ambiguous. But here again a slight translation from the decorous language of the moderate politician to the plainer terms of declared partisans throws light on the matter. The University seats are galling to the Ministerialists—doubly galling, as seating a certain number of their enemies, and as revealing an overwhelming preponderance among men of education against Gladstonianism; let them therefore go. The counties are not yet sufficiently Gladstonian; let them be drenched with an influx of ignorant flesh-and-blood. The small boroughs, though they did practically seat Mr. GLADSTONE in Downing Street three years ago, are notoriously fickle, are not easily engineered by the Caucus, and are for the most part deaf to Midlothian persuasions; let them go too. Politics, in short, becomes reduced to simple gerrymandering. This was confessed by Lord HARTINGTON in reference to the gag; it was confessed by Sir CHARLES DILKE in reference to his new doctrine of permeation; it is decorously insinuated by Sir HENRY JAMES as to redistribution and the franchise. Only the net is in this case surely spread a little too much in the sight of the birds. The means of persuasion which Lord GREY enjoyed at the time of the first Reform Bill hardly exist now as to the members for the small boroughs, and they have considerably more power than they then had of deciding the question for themselves. It will be their own fault if they allow the Government to pass a County Franchise Bill without knowing what is to come of it.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE POPE.

THE relations between the English Government and the Vatican are made a great deal more interesting than they need be by the attitude which the Government maintain in relation to them. They do not—at least they did not—disclaim some knowledge of Mr. ERRINGTON'S movements; they are only anxious to protest that these movements came to nothing. There would have been immeasurably less risk of giving offence to the Protestant susceptibilities of some of their supporters if they had made no secret of their desire to be on terms of at least distant civility with the POPE, and had admitted that they were only prevented from proposing some arrangement of the kind by the difficulty of finding terms which both parties could accept. Mr. GLADSTONE'S explanations came pretty much to this, it is true; but they came to it from the negative side. What he said was not so much that this had happened, as that a number of other things had not happened. Mr. GLADSTONE is a great master of dialectic; and, when he affirms or denies the truth of a particular statement, his words must be weighed and measured with extreme care. If the reader is quite sure that he understands the exact meaning of the sentence to which Mr. GLADSTONE'S affirmation or denial has reference, he may possibly look for some enlightenment as to the facts. But, if it is open to more than one meaning, he will be no wiser after Mr. GLADSTONE'S explanation than he was before. If Mr. GLADSTONE were to assure us that he had not killed ten men, the denial would command entire assent, but it would leave the question whether he had or had not killed nine men altogether uncertain. Consequently, when, on the 1st of January, Mr. GLADSTONE directed his private secretary to inform Dr. BADENOCH that he was not aware of any intention on the part of HER MAJESTY'S Government to appoint a Minister at Rome, the only effect was to stimulate curiosity. The letter might simply mean that on New Year's Day, 1883, HER MAJESTY'S Government had no such intention. They may have had such an intention down to the 31st of December, and they may hope to be able to take up the scheme once more on the 1st of February. But at that particular moment the action of the POPE may have raised difficulties from which no immediate way of escape presented itself, and so long as these difficulties were unremoved, they did not intend to send a Minister to the Vatican.

At this point the *Standard* intervened with what appeared to be surprisingly precise information. The statement referred to by Dr. BADENOCH had appeared in its columns, and, in reply to Mr. GLADSTONE, our contemporary printed two despatches, "copies of which," it said, "have been placed in our hands by a gentleman 'who vouches to us for their authenticity.'" One of these despatches purported to be from Cardinal M'CABE to Cardinal JACOBINI; the other was in the form of an answer sent by Cardinal JACOBINI to Cardinal M'CABE. Apart from any affirmation or denial of authenticity, it would have been hard to pronounce positively on the genuineness of the first despatch. It described the English Government as making a proposal to the Holy See which was neither more nor less than an insult. They had asked the POPE to accept a Secretary of the Embassy at Rome as charged to treat with the Vatican. It would seem nearly impossible that the English Government could have made so great a blunder, were it not almost equally impossible that any one forging a despatch from the Cardinal Secretary should have made it appear that they were guilty of it. The authenticity of the correspondence, however, is completely disposed of by the telegram from the Roman Correspondent of the *Times* which was printed on Saturday. "Cardinal JACOBINI," he says, "has informed me, in the most distinct and categorical terms, 'that the correspondence reported to have passed between 'himself and Cardinal M'CABE relating to an English 'representative at the Vatican is a pure invention. 'His Eminence never received any such letter from 'Cardinal M'CABE, nor did he write the reply attributed to him.'" But this contradiction, though complete as far as it goes, goes no further than the authenticity of the alleged despatches. Cardinal JACOBINI did not receive any such letter or send any such reply as that which the *Standard* was made to believe. Whether any letters at all passed between the Cardinals, and, if so, what was the nature of their contents, are questions upon which there is still abundant room for

speculation. Meanwhile an article in the *Journal de Rome* seems to suggest a mode in which the many statements and counter-statements which have been in circulation may be reconciled. The Holy See, says the writer, is not ignorant that, while the laws of England remain what they are, there can be no English Minister accredited to the Vatican and no Papal Nuncio accredited to the English Government. But it is permissible to hope that, without infraction of these laws, "Mr. ERRINGTON'S mission may receive a more regular, a more permanent, and a more 'openly officious character.'" This probably is the end to which any negotiations that may have been going on have been directed, and, if so, it may be equally true that the English Government are considering how to be represented at the Vatican, and that they have no intention of sending a Minister to the POPE.

We may be quite sure, indeed, that at no time have Ministers ever wished to send even an officious representative to the POPE. Anything that they could hope to obtain by having such a representative they could equally get from Roman Catholics of distinction who happened to be staying in Rome, or were willing to go there with the advantages of an unacknowledged, but not therefore unreal, position. It is not the English Government that has raised the question in this form, but the POPE. Both happened to want something from the other, and under these circumstances the negotiation naturally takes the shape of a bargain. In the present state of Ireland, it would certainly be convenient if the Irish bishops and, through them, the Irish clergy, were on better terms with the Government than, as a rule, they have lately shown themselves. It is not merely that they are wanted to dissuade the people from shooting their landlords or assaulting the police. That is a duty which it ought to be possible to trust them to perform without any pressure from the Government, in the rare cases when they have any power in the matter. But there are other functions which the bishops might exercise if they chose, and which the Government would be very glad to see them exercising. They might use their influence, for example, in support of Liberal candidates at elections, instead of in support of Nationalist candidates; and, in view of the probable complexion of the Irish representation in the next Parliament, this is a service which any Government might think it worth while to purchase. If the POPE can be convinced that the English Government is a well-affected Government, that it is no longer identified with Orange fanaticism, and that, on the whole, it is well that the Irish clergy should give it a lift when they can, he will probably be able to influence the Irish bishops in this direction; and this, among other things, was, as we may easily believe, what Mr. ERRINGTON has been asked from time to time to lay before Cardinal JACOBINI. But the POPE, on his side, has a corresponding service which he thinks that the English Government might do him. It is not enough that he should be a personage of considerable importance in the eyes of heretical sovereigns who have Roman Catholic subjects; he wishes to be seen to be such a personage. If he can bring this about, it may stand him in some stead with Governments such as those of France and Italy, which, while not heretical—they have not religion enough for that—yet give him a great deal more trouble than if they were. With Russia he has re-established diplomatic relations; with Prussia he is carrying on negotiations which, if they succeed, will have that result among others; and, now that England has something to ask from him, he naturally lets it be understood that this is what he wants in return. This appearance of a bargain is the one feature in the business which is objectionable. There are several good reasons why a nation which is a Roman Catholic Power in right of Ireland and Canada, just as it is a Protestant or a Mahomedan Power in right of other parts of its dominions, should have a representative at the Vatican. If that pillar of Protestant orthodoxy, the Emperor of GERMANY, and that official embodiment of Greek orthodoxy, the Czar of RUSSIA, find it convenient to accredit a Minister to the POPE, Englishmen need not fear that their theological purity will be impaired by the contact. But it would undoubtedly be prudent to postpone the arrangement to a later date. It is not much, unfortunately, that the Irish clergy can do for the cause of order in Ireland; our own past treatment of them has greatly weakened any power they might otherwise have had in that direction. But, if the Government desire to destroy any influence that is left them, they cannot do better than allow it to

be believed by Irishmen that the authorities of their Church have surrendered their sympathy with the national cause for so poor a mess of pottage as the accrediting of an English Minister to the Vatican.

THE FLOODS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE floods which are desolating so large a part of the Continent are undoubtedly among the greatest disasters which have happened in this generation. They entirely throw into the shade the Austrian earthquakes of the year before last, for, terrible as these were, they affected a comparatively small area, and the damage done was far less permanent. At this moment the whole upper and middle valleys of the Rhine and the Danube are threatened with ruin. The population of some of the best cultivated parts of Western Germany has been driven from its homes, and is reduced to beggary. Vienna has been isolated by the water, and lower down the town of Raab, in Hungary, has been suddenly destroyed. All the extent of such misfortunes as these is not at once realized. They are not so sudden and concentrated as a severe earthquake, and, in the present case at least, they have not caused a great immediate loss of life. We have had an instance within the last few years in India of the drowning of a whole population by a sudden flood; but in Germany and Austria the inhabitants have been able to escape with their lives. It does not seem that the total number of persons drowned has reached the figure attained more than once by mere human bungling in mines or at sea. The sinking of the *Princess Alice* caused a greater immediate loss of life than the overflow of these two rivers. But the effects of disasters of that kind are local and soon exhausted. Even an earthquake has comparatively limited effects. When it has shaken down houses and bridges and opened fissures it has done its worst. But the worst of a great flood is not felt till it has subsided. The immediate damage done is enormous, and the effects last for years. The country remains saturated, and more or less unfit for cultivation. The sufferings endured cause disease, and extra work has to be done just when the sufferers are least fit to do it. Savings are swept away or heavy debts contracted to repair the damage done. In the present case the ruin has come, at least in the Palatinate, on a struggling population of peasant proprietors who were already in the hands of the money-lenders. When the material damage has been made good the social and economical effects of this disaster will continue to be felt in Germany.

The account given by the Correspondent of the *Standard* of the state of things in Hesse and the Palatinate shows that the ruin has been almost entire as far as the floods have reached. The great towns have escaped; but the country round them is described as being under a sea of water. The rural population is crowded into the cities in a state of destitution. Although it seems that the cattle have generally been driven off to higher ground in time, a great number have certainly been drowned; and whatever could not be carried, or made to carry itself, has been utterly lost. Whole villages will have to be rebuilt. The reports from Austria are less full; but there is little doubt that the condition of the inhabitants of the Danube valley is even worse. They are poorer, and the Government officials are neither so energetic nor so intelligent; and they will consequently be more helpless. For, as might perhaps be expected, whatever has been done by way of remedy or precaution has been the work of the Government. It is the rule on the Continent that the Government thinks and acts for everybody at all times, and more particularly at such a time as this. As far as Western Germany is concerned, there seems no reason to complain of what has been done, or at least attempted. The Correspondent of the *Standard* seems to complain of the apathy of the people in some places; but, on the whole, they probably do the best they can by keeping still. The volunteer efforts of ignorant men acting without order or direction is likely to do more harm than good. At the best very little can be done, but what little is possible is being done by the proper authorities with energy. Want of zeal has never been the failing of German officials, and particularly not when they are Prussians or under Prussian influence. What is perhaps the most terrible feature of disasters such as these has not, unfortunately, been absent in Germany. All the actual or possible rascals of the

community have made an attempt to profit by the general misfortune, and gather their harvest while the police are temporarily paralysed. It appears that numbers of the deserted houses have been pillaged by those members of the community who, having nothing to lose and nobody to provide for, are completely at liberty to profit by the occasion. Even moderately honest men are too apt, as we see by the conduct of our own fishermen when they get hold of a wreck or derelict, to think that what is left by its owner under stress of circumstances is fair prize. These wreckers have, however, been promptly suppressed, and may look to get very little mercy. An outcry has been raised against another class of offenders which is likely to have considerable effect. It is said that the Jews have attempted to make undue profits by selling fodder for their cattle to the drowned-out peasants at exorbitant prices. If that has been done, it is not only by the Jews, we may be sure; but they are already hateful to the peasants as money-lenders, and this offence too, whether it be real or imaginary, will be scored against them. In the hard times which are before the peasantry of the Palatinate the cry for State relief from the money-lender will be louder than ever.

It is natural to ask, now that this overwhelming disaster has happened, whether it might not have been foreseen and provided against. If the volume of water was too great to have been kept from overflowing the land, surely warning might have been given to the inhabitants to save their property in time. It is very possible that no effectual precaution can be taken against floods on such a scale. The countries submerged are fairly well guarded against the rivers in ordinary times, and have only been flooded because the volume of water suddenly thrown on the dams was so unprecedentedly great. Still such things had happened before, and were always possible. Now that the mischief is done, something will probably be attempted to provide against its recurrence. The rise of a river cannot be stopped, but the dams can be made high enough and strong enough to keep it in its banks. As usual, the stupidity of man has had nearly as great a share in causing loss and suffering as the outbreak of the forces of nature. The farmers down the river refused to be warned by the misfortunes of those further up. Every village trusted to the height and strength of its own dam. With days of warning they allowed themselves to be surprised in the night. The people of Raab must have known that the country round Vienna was under water; but they do not seem to have thought it possible that the Danube should overflow its banks anywhere near them, or that their own river should do them so ill a turn as to try to drown them. As a natural consequence of this amiable confidence, they were taken completely by surprise. Against mere carelessness of this kind no precaution that can possibly be taken will prove effectual. The fault lies partly with the Administration, which might have been more farsighted and active; but we know, from our own experience of floods, that even where Government officials are not trusted to do everything, a country-side can contrive to show the most remarkable obtuseness to warnings. One thing has been proved by these floods, on which Germany at least has good cause to congratulate herself. Germans abroad, both in Europe and America, have shown the utmost promptitude and zeal in sending help. Their patriotism had been proved before; but it must be always pleasant for Germany to find that her children who have settled abroad—a very large proportion of the whole, and certainly the richest—have not forgotten their mother-country.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THE recent failure of the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral, which has caused so much dismay, not in that diocese alone, but wherever that grand historic fane, "the first resting-place of Christianity in central England," the burial place of two queens, is known, affords another proof that the weakest point aesthetically of our vast cruciform churches, viewed internally, is also their weakest point structurally. Without going so far as Mr. Fergusson, who does not scruple to speak of the "narrow, tall opening of the central tower" as "the bathos of the style," few will be prepared to defend in itself the contraction of the area at the central point by the vast piers necessary for the due support of the superincumbent weight, in comparison with that prodigal expansion of space which is so important an element of architectural beauty; of which Alan of Walsingham's lantern at Ely and Wren's St. Paul's, the idea of which was so evidently

borrowed from the Cathedral of which his uncle, Matthew Wren, was Bishop, are the only examples our country can show.

But we are more concerned with the practical difficulties of this almost universal arrangement of our mediæval minsters. The load borne by the four piers of the crossing, each of which carries one-fourth of the whole weight of the tower, is so enormous—especially if the tower, as was originally the case at Peterborough, rises several stories above the roof, and, as is usually found in Norman buildings, the foundations are shallow and not prepared with any proper care—that the wonder is really, not that such central towers give way, but that they have stood so long. From the first these towers have been a cause of trouble to the guardians of the churches of which they were designed to be the crowning ornament; often falling about their ears, or only kept up by arched-braces, strainer-beams, inverted arches, and an elaborate system of props and ties, of which we see examples at Salisbury, Wells, Canterbury, and elsewhere, which, however successful in averting the threatened ruin, detract no little from the beauty of the building. Some time since, when speaking of the failure of the central tower of Wimborne Minster—where, we are thankful to learn, timely and well-considered measures have proved effectual to stop the growing mischief—we gave a catalogue of some of the more notable of these catastrophes. We told how in 1107 Bishop Walkelyn's huge tower at Winchester fell, in horror at having the foul corpse of the detested Rufus buried beneath it; and how, two centuries later, that reared by Walkelyn's brother, Abbot Simeon, at Ely, came crashing down as the startled monks were going up to their dormitory on the eve of St. Ermenilda; how in 1235 the preacher's denunciation of the cruel persecutions of himself and his brother canons by Bishop Grotestate—"Nos si taceamus lapides reclamabunt"—was credited with the ruin of the predecessor of the exquisite "Broad Tower" which crowns that "sovereign hill" of Lincoln; how the "New Tower" fell at Worcester in 1175, and the central tower at Evesham about 1213, and the two upper stories of the tower of St. Rhadegund, now Jesus Chapel, Cambridge, fell and crushed the choir in 1270; and how, coming nearer to our own times, the central tower of Selby came down in 1690, and was rebuilt in hideous fashion, and in 1786 the west tower of Hereford was quietly allowed by the Chapter to tumble down, and was never rebuilt at all; and how, just two and twenty years ago, February 21, 1861, in spite of all remedial measures, the tower and spire of Chichester in a few seconds became a heap of ruins, and, better counsels prevailing, were speedily restored by the energy of the Duke of Richmond and Dean Hook and the architectural skill of Sir G. G. Scott, to all their former graceful dignity. Finally, we saw how the same great architect saved the central towers of St. David's and St. Albans from imminent destruction, boldly taking down and rebuilding the failing piers, while he held up the huge mass of the tower in mid-air with timber framework and shores—a feat of engineering audacity now become an everyday procedure, but we believe first attempted some forty years ago by the late Mr. Cottingham, in his successful reconstruction of the tower pillars at Hereford, which were bulging and cracking under the pressure from above.

What has been accomplished in its sister Cathedrals will, there is no doubt, now that its turn has unhappily come, be carried out with as much care and success at Peterborough. The mantle of Sir Gilbert Scott has fallen on the worthy shoulders of Mr. Pearson; and in his hands we may rest assured that the Cathedral is safe. Mr. Pearson has shown in his restoration of St. Hugh's Tower at Lincoln, a few years since "tottering to a fall," how a failing structure can be replaced in more than its original stability, without the slightest injury to its architectural character; and we feel sure that, given sufficient funds—and such a work cannot fail to be exceedingly costly—the same wise caution, careful forethought, and consummate engineering skill which have produced so happy a result in the mother church will be equally felicitous in the rehabilitation of the daughter Cathedral of Peterborough.

The task Mr. Pearson has to take in hand is certainly one of extreme delicacy. It is one in which a very little over-haste, or, on the other hand, a little undue delay, might be productive of most disastrous consequences. It is true that the low lantern-tower of Peterborough—not 150 ft. high, even when we take into account the tall, ill-proportioned turrets with which Dean Kipling unwisely loaded its angles—is much more manageable than the huge soaring masses of masonry Sir G. Scott had to deal with at St. Albans and St. David's. Its construction is of the lightest and its walls are of the thinnest. The fourteenth-century builders, warned by the failure of the ambitious "magistra turris," with its three stories—"tres hystrorie" John the Chronicler amusingly mis-calls them—raised by Abbot William of Waterville on the four Norman arches of the crossing when its impending ruin rendered the demolition of that tower necessary, seem to have resolved to make its successor as unlike it as possible. They reduced it from three stories to one, and made its walls of perilous slowness, pierced with passages which reduced them to little more than stone shells. Even with the octagon stage of timber and lead, represented in the old prints in Gunton's "History," and the original edition of Dugdale, the weight of the new lantern must have been vastly less than that of Waterville's tower. But the mischief had already been done, and it has gone on increasing steadily from that time to the present. The north-eastern piers of the crossing had been dislocated and crushed by the downward pressure, and though the conversion of the west and east lantern

arches from semicircular to pointed, and the introduction of arches of construction, relieving the crowns of the unaltered north and south arches, added much to the stability of the fabric, the internal movement was not effectually arrested. The south-east pier in process of time began to show visible signs of distress. Cracks appeared on the haunches of the arches and in the lantern walls above. The triforium and clerestory were dragged down bodily and strangely distorted by the sinking of the eastern piers. Danger was increasingly evident; but the measures taken were ludicrously inadequate. Some of the doctors treated the crushed pier as they would have dealt with a broken leg, with splints and bandages, clothing it with a jacketing of timber and banding it with hoops of iron. But still the pier continued perversely to bulge and split, while the cracks overhead gaped wider and wider, and the lantern became more and more shattered. Various attempts were made in past time to counteract this crushing process; but though well-intentioned, they were badly planned, and quite inadequate. A fresh cause of injury was introduced some years back by the rash endeavour to counteract the alarming outward leaning of the transept gables by hanging them on to the tower by means of beams and ties laid along the triforium and clerestory passages. These were firmly bolted at one end into the tower walls, and at the other to the gables of the transepts. The slightest outward movement of the gables was thus communicated to the thin walls of the lantern already cracked by the failure of the piers; and, the two forces pulling opposite ways, the natural result has been to pull the unhappy tower asunder and widen the fissures already existing. It is not surprising that, with so many forces tugging at its fragile walls in different directions, so light a structure should be rent asunder by fissures, in some cases, as Mr. Oldrid Scott testifies, "wide enough for a man to creep through." Much was done under the advice of the late Sir Gilbert Scott to maintain the stability of the building where he thought it most needed it. The north aisle wall, which was leaning outwards, was underpinned, and a new foundation of concrete laid through its whole length. The arches of the aisle, which were full of gaping cracks, were entirely and beautifully repaired, and both transepts thoroughly restored. What was then done was done effectually, and no symptom of movement has taken place since. The reason why the repair did not then extend to the tower and the arches supporting it was that at that time the movement in them was, from some unknown causes, temporarily arrested. The cracks in the arches and lantern were carefully watched, and measured, and did not seem materially to increase. So the Chapter, at that time presided over by Dean Saunders, hoped that the evil day was at least postponed. To restore the tower adequately was a task far beyond the slender resources of the Cathedral body, and an appeal to the public was not to the mind of the Dean. Meanwhile Sir Gilbert Scott died, and a delay occurred in the appointment of a new consulting architect. After an interval the mischief which it had been fancied was arrested began to declare itself again. The Chapter, now headed by Dr. Perowne, became alarmed, and called in Mr. Pearson. To his practised eye, as previously to Sir Gilbert Scott's, the nature and extent of the threatened evil was at once apparent, and careful investigation discovered its chief causes, and the measures necessary for its remedy. In his report, dated nearly three years since, he plainly stated that there was nothing before the Chapter, if they wished to preserve their Cathedral from ultimate, and perhaps speedy, ruin, but boldly to take down and rebuild the eastern legs of the tower, together with a large portion of the walls of the lantern-stage above. In the meantime the mischief became more alarming. Between his successive visits Mr. Pearson found the rents gaping more widely, and fractures running in almost every direction. Large pieces of the stonework of the windows were on the point of falling out of their places, and the whole of the masonry of the tower seemed to be, in the builder's phrase, "alive." The danger was so threatening that we might well wonder that the Chapter did not immediately commission their architect to commence the work of demolition, preparatory to the reconstruction so urgently called for. But a period of agricultural depression is not the time for undertaking costly works in an agricultural county. Probably no part of England has suffered so much during the late wet seasons as the counties forming the diocese of Peterborough. The estates from which the Chapter draws its income have, in common with their neighbours, been chiefly under water during a large part of the last three or four years. Crops have been scanty and spoilt, rents a vanishing quantity. The present outlook was gloomy, the future hardly more bright. It would be unjust to blame a body consisting of men to whom every stone of the Cathedral is dear, and who are showing most laudable energy in meeting the present emergency, if, at such a time of distress, they were slow to take in hand so vast and costly a work. They would remember the warning against beginning to build a tower without having wherewithal to finish it, and would wait, hoping for better days.

Now, however, though the better days have hardly yet begun to dawn, the waiting-time is past. During the last few weeks the old fissures have widened, and new cracks have been showing themselves, and it has become evident that, if the lantern of Peterborough is not to share the fate of Chichester spire, the work of pulling down the shattered walls and crippled piers must be no longer delayed. At any time during the last half-century the taking down of three of the walls of the lantern—that to the west is free from failure—would have been the only way to make it perfectly secure; now this has become an immediate necessity. The masonry of the lantern is

far too shattered and disjointed to be dealt with as was done so successfully at St. Albans and St. David's. No grouting or liquid cement can render the crushed shell solid. To make a good job the greater part must come down, and the work has already begun. Mr. Pearson, one of the most conservative of architects, may be trusted not to remove a square yard that is not really dangerous. The greater part of the masonry will go up again, and the stones will take their old places in the renovated lantern. The lanky corner turrets of the eighteenth century will of course be replaced by others in the style and character of the tower. It may, however, be that the tower itself will be raised by an additional story, and reassume its former dignity and elevation. The opportunity of adding so important a feature to the long, low outline of the Minster is a grand one, never likely to recur, and it is a pity it should be lost. This, however, must depend upon the funds at the disposal of the Chapter. The present may perhaps seem hardly a time for entertaining so ambitious a design. We rejoice, however, to hear that an influential Committee, including most of the leading laymen of the diocese, has so promptly been formed for raising funds for the restoration, and that the work has been taken up with a vigour and energy which promises a success at least as speedy and as complete as that achieved at Chichester.

"Out of evil comes good"; and it will be a happy fruit of the present trouble if it brings about the restoration of the choir to its old dimensions. In Dean (afterwards Bishop) Monk's repair, under Mr. Blore, so well-intentioned and so commendable considering its date, the ritual choir, which originally included the lantern and extended one, if not two, bays into the nave, was crushed up into the short eastern limb, and fitted with heavy woodwork, both in plan and design entirely at variance with every principle of choral arrangement; while a stone screen supporting the organ was erected across the eastern lantern arch. The screen is now being removed, and we sincerely hope it may never be put up again in the same place. If not re-erected at all, the loss will not be great. The opportunity for restoring the choir to its old dimensions, and filling it with new and more appropriate screens and stall work, is one not to be let slip. The choir should certainly be brought down two bays west of the lantern, the stalls being placed on those bays, and the transepts divided off by low screens, with a light open screen to the west, backed by return stalls, like those of Chester and Winchester. This would furnish a choir of sufficient size for the ordinary Sunday congregations, for which the present choir is wholly inadequate. Eight bays of the nave, exclusive of the western transept, would be still left for special evening services, musical festivals, and other larger gatherings. These eight bays, we are glad to learn, have been at once made available for the daily services, as a temporary choir, a lofty boarded screen having been erected with all speed, across the nave just where the western screen of the Benedictine choir was placed, and the organ being about to be reconstructed in one of the arches of the north aisle. Having once enjoyed this larger choir we cannot conceive the Chapter returning to the contracted space of the last fifty years. But this is in the distant future. The tower has to be first reconstructed. When that is done, it will be time enough to discuss the dimensions and position of the choir.

THE DOCTRINE OF PERMEATION.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S "course," as his friends the Non-conformists would succinctly describe it, was neatly finished up at the end of last week, and appropriately crowned on Monday by his unopposed re-election. The speeches of which the course consisted were all very clever speeches; and, withal, very significant ones. It is not surprising that (as was anticipated before the first of them was delivered by all tolerably observant persons) they "riled" some of Sir Charles's political friends not a little. But it was perhaps a little surprising that the rilement was so little manifested among Sir Charles's audiences. A more charming scene of peace and quietness than prevailed at these meetings can hardly be conceived, and has certainly been very rarely witnessed. Barely half a dozen beings could be found to raise playful or contumacious hands against the votes of confidence. Everything that could be supposed to be unpleasant to Sir Charles was discreetly omitted. Nothing was said about Egypt, nothing about Ireland. The distinguished penitent (if that is the right word for him) was allowed to refer, with the gentle sigh appropriate to the case, to his "scatter-brained" or "academic" utterances of some years back—that is to say, to the very utterances which gained him the soft affections of the Eleusis Club and the admiring adherence of the Chelsea Hampdens. There had been a time, it was undeniable, when Sir Charles Dilke did not regard the established Constitution of these realms with that implicit faith and fervent devotion which may be supposed to comport with the ceremonies usual on the entrance of a Minister into the Cabinet; but that was when he was academic. There had been a time when an acceptance of Mr. Gladstone, the whole Mr. Gladstone, and nothing but Mr. Gladstone, was not his ideal of political orthodoxy; but then he was scatter-brained. The way in which he mentioned these things may have recalled to some of his hearers the way in which a witty but irreverent Frenchman makes one of his characters speak in *Paradise* of her "*troisième vœu*." For Sir Charles, as

for that character, the trials are over, the storms and the jeopardies are past. He is not weary of well-doing; he looks forward to a life of obedient and unostentatious usefulness in the service of Mr. Gladstone, and, of course, of his Sovereign. He is admirably free from that presumption which theologians (except some of an extreme type) properly discourage; but he evidently has a complete peace of assurance. If Mr. Gladstone will only lead him on he will, though he was not ever thus, ask nothing more. An ineffable serenity pervades the utterances from this Right Honourable mouth. Yet, like all worthy persons in his case, Sir Charles Dilke is not neglectful of others who have not as yet reached his own condition—not indeed of Nirvana, for, as we have seen, Sir Charles hopes for an opportunity to use the gifts and graces he enjoys—but of blissful place, to speak with strict correctness. He sees his old companions and he fears for them. To do them justice, this solicitude is hardly needed. Of the dauntless three—himself, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Dillwyn, who were the hope and pride of the independent years ago—but one is unplaced, and Mr. Dillwyn is almost always dumb. Yet there are some casual creatures like Sir Wilfrid Lawson who show occasional symptoms of proud looks and high stomachs. There are others (whom it is not lawful to name) who, in place and power itself, are believed to nourish thoughts inconsistent with that serene and absolute allegiance to the grandest of men and statesmen which Sir Charles himself entertains, and who do not accept trials and chastisements (administered by Clubs, for instance) with a proper meekness. For the benefit of these erring ones, who seem likely to decay through pride, Sir Charles, at the close of his course and as a valedictory warning before retiring into Olympus and drawing the curtains, has formulated the Doctrine of Permeation.

"In the Parliament of 1868-74," says Sir Charles Dilke—that is to say, in his unregenerate days, when he abode by the covenant of Republican works, and had not made his election for that of Gladstonian grace—"I think that we Radicals were too much disposed to act as a separate party, instead of attempting to diffuse our influence and make it permeate the Liberal party as a whole. I believe that we are more able to get our own way" (this is surely an undignified, not to say unregenerate, form of expression) "by attempting to infuse our spirit into the party as a whole, and by acting together through the medium of great elective associations. I think that the evolution of the Liberal party in the more Radical spirit which has undoubtedly shown itself has been largely facilitated by the genius of Mr. Gladstone. It is impossible to overrate the influence that one man has had in welding separate parties and the diverse elements of one party together, and in giving us that position of predominance in which we stand at the present time." No one with any delicate perception can fail to appreciate the delicious sense of application to his own fortunes with which Sir Charles Dilke must have used these last words. "Us," that is "me." "The position of predominance," that is to say, the Cabinet, the Privy Council, and the headship of an office of State. These are the positions of affluence and comfort to which I (*moi qui vous parle*), I, a mere baronet, simple as I stand before you, have become—a Cabinet Minister, with Right Honourable before my name to balance the Bart. after it, with pleasant quarterly accompaniments, and, most blessed of all, with the right of constant and intimate intercourse with Mr. Gladstone. It is the famous half-a-crown-in-pocket-and-stake-in-the-country argument of the prosperous manufacturer who is giving the prizes at a middle-class school—a little pharisaical, perhaps, but delightfully natural, obviously genuine, and certain to appeal to the audience. The "half-crown-in-pocket" moralist always indicates the methods of his rise to prosperity, and so does Sir Charles Dilke. They are three—Permeation, the Caucus, and belief in Mr. Gladstone. If you insist on associating merely with the orthodox you can't permeate, you can't manipulate the Caucus, and you can't derive the immense advantages or arrive at the positions of predominance which are open to those who follow Mr. Gladstone where he leads, and avail themselves of the motive power which Mr. Gladstone can dispose of. Nor (perhaps Sir Charles would add if he were in an extremely confidential mood) can you take those little opportunities of gently steering your revered leader in a particular course which are open to the ingenious follower who gets into a position, if not of predominance, yet of influence. Now all this is very clear and businesslike. How much more sensible, instead of sulking in caves and corners, and lifting up an impossible testimony for the purity of the Radical faith, to mix genially with the party generally, and permeate them. There really ought to be an excellent new political ballad constructed for Liberals, the first line of which ("Permeemus, O sodales") is of course obvious, and in which the refrain of "Dulce locum," in a special and blessed sense of "place," might probably, with a sufficiently ingenious manipulation of the Latin language, be duly adjusted. The only drawback to this charming prospect is the danger which has been already indicated by the Puritans of the party. The risk, if not the pleasure, of being permeated is certainly as great as the risk, if not the pleasure, of permeating. Horrid suggestions have been made that even Sir Charles himself has been a little permeated; that those references to scatterbrainedness and the academic are not so much the humble confessions of an accomplished professor as to his early errors as the brazen acknowledgment of backsliding by one who has left his first love. This is a deep matter, and it must be left to such bodies as the Particular Baptist Synod of

Llanpumpasaint, who are equally skilled in politics and theology, to decide.

It happens, however, that the dangers of permeation, when the doctrine is combined more well than wisely with unlimited faith in Mr. Gladstone, can be illustrated happily from another place than Chelsea. Not very long ago a Liberal politician of some local eminence at or near Liverpool made a speech to his partisans which, as reported, ended with these remarkable words:—"He would rather live under a despotism exercised by Mr. Gladstone than under Parliamentary government administered by Lord Randolph Churchill." These are the words of a certain Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, of whom we have not the honour to know anything. But, as a typical development of modern Liberalism, and as an example of the adoption of Sir Charles Dilke's three points—Permeation, the Caucus, and Gladstonolatry—Mr. Holbrook Gaskell is a very precious specimen. A Liberal who has been permeated to the extent of preferring a despotic Government, exercised by persons whom he likes, to a free Government, exercised by persons not pleasant to him, is a charming example of a Liberal and, it may be added, of an Englishman. Doubtless Mr. Holbrook Gaskell is not a very wise person, and probably his personal opinion does not count for much even with those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. But there are two classes of persons who have the precious privilege of putting into words what others only think. The one class is that of poets; the other is that of—let us say, of persons like Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. The natural result of the reduction of political desires to the two so neatly formulated by the President of the Local Government Board—getting your own way, and standing in a position of predominance, especially when the means of attaining that desire which Sir Charles Dilke points out are adopted—is such a condition of mind as Mr. Holbrook Gaskell's. "More power to our side, and confusion to the other," becomes the simple creed of the partisan, and such trifles as freedom, principle, historical tradition, privileges of Englishmen, and all the rest of it, vanish all together. "Bother Parliamentary government," says Mr. Holbrook Gaskell; "let us have a good despotism, with the grandest of men for despot." "Permeate, and be permeated a little," says Sir Charles Dilke; "don't let go the handle of the Caucus-lever, and when you get a leader who can influence persons like Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, make the most of him, and you will get your own way, and finally stand in a position of predominance." It is true that we cannot all be Presidents of the Local Government Board, but that fact is only an expression of one of the general limitations of human joys. So they stand, these two very interesting and typical representatives of the modern Liberal. Mr. Holbrook Gaskell avows his preference for despotism over Parliamentary government; Sir Charles Dilke lectures elaborately on the political art of stooping to conquer. It is to be hoped that their political friends enjoy both spectacles; their political foes certainly have no reason to quarrel with either.

A DRAMATIST AT BAY.

THE principal poet of Scandinavia has just taken a singular mode at once of revenging himself upon contemporary opinion and of setting himself right with posterity. In these days, when aggrieved generals and artists and technical people of all kinds leave their proper arts to inflict themselves upon the newspapers, it is refreshing to come upon a cobbler militant who strictly sticks to his last. Henrik Ibsen, the greatest dramatist that Norway has ever produced, considers himself outraged, and he very properly writes a five-act comedy to defend himself. Relations have long tended to become strained between Ibsen and his countrymen. Norwegians, as he depicts them in his caustic dramas, are very far from being so pastoral and so interesting as they appear in the note-books of English tourists. As long ago as 1863 the popular poet opened his attack upon the social hypocrisies of the middle classes in *Kjærlighedens Komædie* ("Love's Comedy"), with its extremely laughable burlesque of the privileges and the publicity of betrothal. He left Norway amid a storm of indignation, and has only returned to it for fleeting visits ever since. For some years his dramatic poems, in short rhymed measures, although scathing enough in their satire, hardly attracted the attention of the lower middle class; but in 1869 he again bearded the grocer and the butcher with his prose comedy of "The Young Men's Union," a satire on the local tactics of the Radical party in Norway. The performance of this play led to something like a riot, and Ibsen once more refrained from further exasperating his enemies. A trilogy on the career of Julian the Apostate could hurt nobody's feelings; nor could a tragedy on one of the old chronicle-sagas. Ibsen was covered with honours, the acknowledged head of literature throughout Scandinavia, and it was hoped that success had "calmed the terrors of his claws in gold," as Statius puts it.

But in 1877 he resumed his old attitude towards Norwegian respectability in the comedy of *Samfundets Støtter* ("The Pillars of Society"), which has been acted on the English stage, and in almost every theatre of Germany, and which deals with the art of respectable swindling. Upon this followed the famous comedy, or *drame*, of *Et Dukkehjem* ("A Doll's House"), which, under the title of *Nora*, has been translated into almost every language of Europe, and at this moment lies upon our table in an English translation by Miss Henrietta Frances Lord (Griffith & Farran). This has perhaps been the most successful of all Ibsen's later works, and it could not be said that the problems which it raised were

discussed in a satirical spirit; but it gave the enemies of the poet an opportunity of saying that he thought lightly of woman and of her capacity as a power for good in society. Each of these dramas has been a riddle in ethics, and in no one of them has the poet himself pronounced a final opinion or attempted a solution. This has been the great charge against him, and it has been in vain that his intelligent critics have said, "It is not the dramatist's duty to publish a panacea for your soul; it is enough for him to have awakened your conscience, and have made you feel thoroughly uncomfortable. The sense of discomfort reached its climax two winters ago on the publication of *Gengangere* ("Ghosts"). This ghastly drama, ironically called a comedy, was a sermon on the text "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," and dwelt with extraordinary vigour and ability upon a subject usually abandoned to the medical profession. The respectable classes rose as one man; no manager would consent to act the piece; and the press stigmatized the great poet as an "enemy to his country" for tearing the veil so publicly from a national sore. Ibsen has been silent for two years, with his toga sullenly wrapped around him; but he has just come forward with a new comedy, which is a most brilliant statement of his position, and which completely turns the tables on his opponents. It is called *En Folkefiende* ("An Enemy to his Country"), and is published by Hegel, of Copenhagen.

In a little sea-side watering-place in the south of Norway, Dr. Thomas Stockmann is the physician and director of the principal bathing establishment. It is, in fact, his baths which form the staple of the little town, and round which its future prosperity is supposed to turn. These baths have been opened as a speculation by the Town Council, of which Dr. Stockmann's elder brother, the Mayor, is president. A vast deal of money has been spent in fitting out the baths and in advertising them; and when the whole thing was in working order the Mayor has brought his enthusiastic scientific brother down from a miserable practice somewhere within the Arctic Circle to work the institution and to bring it into vogue. When the comedy opens, the Doctor is genially enjoying the change from the solitude of his old home to the bright, bustling life at the baths; but at the same time he is beginning to be a little disturbed in his mind. One or two cases of sudden illness have occurred among the visitors at the baths, and he cannot help suspecting that something is wrong with the drains. He cannot, however, persuade his brother the Mayor to take any interest in the subject, and so he determines to say nothing about it until he is absolutely sure of his facts. During the first act we see him in his own house, caressed and flattered by Hovstad and Billing, the editor and sub-editor of the local newspaper—of course a Radical print—who are at daggers drawn with the local authorities, and who are pleased to have the Mayor's brother on their side. Hovstad, moreover, is aspiring to the hand of Petra, Dr. Stockmann's daughter. After a series of very entertaining scenes, the act closes with one in which the Doctor reveals to his journalistic friends that he has made a very important discovery about the condition of the baths, amounting to this—that the entire institution is built on ground into which the whole refuse, not only of the town, but of some tanneries above the town, is drained, and that in every respect it is unfit for human habitation. The baths, in fact, are built upon an open cesspool. This the Doctor has absolutely proved, and he says it is obvious that the whole town must be grateful to him for pointing it out in good time. Hovstad and Billing beg him to say nothing about it until they can put a notice of it into their paper, and he promises them a long article on the subject for their next issue.

In the following act difficulties begin to dawn upon him. His brother is very indignant at what he calls his tone of exaggeration. But the Doctor has a visit from Herr Aslaksen, the cunning old leader of the Radical caucus in the town, who is delighted at an opportunity of showing up the local authorities. He promises Dr. Stockmann that, whatever the Town Council may say, the sympathy of "the compact Liberal majority" will be on his side; and he is not to spare their feelings. Herr Aslaksen leaves him in high spirits; but the Mayor's brother comes down upon him immediately afterwards, and points out the practical difficulties—that to drain the baths properly an enormous expenditure of time and money will be required, and that in the meantime the town will be empty of its visitors. Better, he says, far better, to consider that your view of the case has been an impulsive and exaggerated one. If you will take this ground, it is not impossible that the Town Council may consent to make a few superficial improvements. The Doctor, strong in his virtue and the promised support of "the compact Liberal majority," turns him out of doors.

The third act is written with consummate stage art, and is full of original situations. It takes place at the printing-office of the newspaper; and great amusement is caused by the way in which the brothers Stockmann are continually popping in, and have to be kept out of sight of one another. Herr Aslaksen, besides being a politician, is printer and proprietor of the paper; and, when he learns that the town will have to pay an extremely heavy rate to get these sanitary changes made, his views alter very rapidly. But Dr. Stockmann is impatient to see a proof of his article, and it is very difficult to keep him occupied. Gradually, however, the Mayor succeeds in proving to Aslaksen, Hovstad, and Billing that it will be very decidedly against the personal interests of all three to print Dr. Stockmann's letter; and at last, in a very effective scene, the poor Doctor is turned out of the printing-office with his MS. in his hands. In the fourth act we learn that every respect-

able person in the town has dropped the question of draining the baths as though it were a hot potato. The money risks are so great, the vested interests to be disturbed are so powerful, the popularity of the town as a summer resort would be so much endangered, that everybody combines to think that the Doctor must be wrong, and even that it is very indelicate of him to have raised the question at all. Shocked and amazed, the Doctor is not discouraged; he tries to hire a room in which to address the townspeople on the subject, but no one will let him a room. At last the only place in which he can make himself heard is the house of a Captain Horster, the master of a trading vessel, an excellent fellow who knows nothing of politics. The meeting which ensues fills the greater part of the fourth act, and is a brilliant piece of satirical composition. Herr Aslaksen and the Mayor, the editors of the newspaper and the members of the Town Council, forget all their wonted enmity, and unite in crushing the common foe of their purses. But Dr. Stockmann gets on his legs, and when the meeting forbids him to approach the subject of drains, he tells them that he is willing to put that on one side; another subject interests him now. The whole constitution of the town rests upon a cesspool, and that is the selfish folly of the "compact Liberal majority." They hoot and yell, and at last a half-tipsy fellow at the back of the room cries out that he is no patriot, but a *folkefiende*, an enemy to his people. They all shout *Folkefiende! folkefiende!* and he has to retire before this outburst of respectable rowdiness. In the fifth act the vengeance of the town is complete. The crowd breaks his windows; the Town Council dismisses him from his post; his children are pushed roughly in the street. The inhabitants sign a paper to say that they will not employ him as a physician any more. His tradespeople sneak round to excuse themselves civilly, but say that they dare not supply him with goods any longer. His friend Captain Horster is dismissed from his ship for taking his side; and yet all the fault he has committed is to point out to the townspeople the terrible danger which lies concealed in the midst of them. The scene falls upon Dr. Stockmann ruined, disgraced, discouraged, but firmly supported by his conscience, and certain of a reaction in favour of honesty and truth.

This is Ibsen's revenge, and a very clever and characteristic one it is. He, of course, is Dr. Stockmann, who has pointed out to his countrymen the pestilential hypocrisies on which their life is based, and who is met with howls of *Folkefiende!* from a "compact Liberal majority." The dramatist has avoided the danger of losing his temper, and has in this shown himself the superior of M. Alphonse Daudet, whose novel of indignation, *L'Évangéliste*, which appears simultaneously with *En Folkefiende*, and distinctly resembles it in tone, is too angry to be effective. Some of the political aphorisms in Ibsen's play are charming. "Lack of disinfectants deadens the Radical conscience" is a quaintly suggestive notion thrown off by Dr. Stockmann in the heat of his address. "A fool is not a distinguished man because he happens to be descended from a rascally old Pomeranian sea-robber who lived six hundred years ago," is an equally conciliatory remark, thrown out for the benefit of the opposite section of his audience. But the vials of Ibsen's or of Dr. Stockmann's wrath are principally poured out upon that "compact Liberal majority" which is the special pride of the modern Norwegian, and which only does not land the country in the horrors of a Commune because it is so very selfish and stupid. This is the opinion, at all events, of one eminent writer. It must not be forgotten, however, that another poet, scarcely less illustrious, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, takes a very different view of the situation, and is said to be emulous of the fame of a Gambetta of the Norwegian Republic. In that day it is to be feared that Ibsen will be silent; when they want a great song for their Norway made free, let no man look to the author of *En Folkefiende*. For the time being he has written a comedy which will probably be acted in every theatre in Scandinavia, and every performance of which will be a satisfaction to his personal pride.

BARON MARTIN.

THE death of Sir Samuel Martin may be said to mark an era in the recent history of English judicial life. He was the last survivor of an old race of judges; and although he was brought up in a highly technical school, his own strong sense and love of justice enabled him, on the one hand, to avail himself of all the advantages to be gained from a training which would now be thought narrow and pedantic, on the other, to avoid the dangers which such a training—dealing rather with technicalities than actualities—might not unnaturally bring with it. He was strong rather than brilliant as an advocate, and the same qualities clung to him when he left the Bar for the Bench; but, during his career of advocacy, although he never aimed at rhetorical effect or impassioned eloquence, the truthful sobriety of his addresses seldom failed to carry conviction to the jury. It was in 1850 that Sir Samuel Martin was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer, at a time when, according to a strangely erroneous statement in the *Times*, Baron Parke was Lord Chief Baron. Baron Parke was never Lord Chief Baron, and at this date the late Sir Frederick Pollock was Chief of the Court, and with him sat on the Bench in the Exchequer such men as Baron Parke, already mentioned, and Baron Alderson. Baron Martin succeeded to the vacancy occasioned by the removal of the late Lord Cranworth to another sphere of judicial duty, and his judicial career lasted till 1874,

when increasing deafness compelled him to retire from the Bench in full possession of all his other faculties. On the Bench he had been distinguished by the sound strong sense and love of justice which have been referred to, and, as in private life, by a striking honesty, simplicity, and loyalty in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Upright judge as he was, his desire to give crime its assigned punishment was in one sense over-ridden by his humanity—in the sense, that is, that he never overcame an absolute repugnance to trying a capital case with the chance of having to sentence a prisoner to death. When his seniority on the Bench gave him the choice of circuits, he always chose with a special view to the avoidance of hanging cases, and on the occasions when it was unavoidable that he should try a capital case, it was a weight upon his mind for days and weeks beforehand.

Baron Martin, the son of Mr. Martin of Culmore, Newtown Limavaddy, Londonderry, was born in 1801, took a bachelor's degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1821, and in the same year entered as a student at Gray's Inn, becoming a member of the Middle Temple five years later. In 1830 he was called to the Bar and rapidly made his way. After thirteen years' practice as a junior he took silk, and in 1847 he stood in the Whig interest for Pontefract, succeeding Mr. Gully. On this occasion a voter who was in the condition which police-court witnesses are apt to describe as not drunk, but decidedly in liquor, presented himself at the poll, and being asked for whom he voted, replied, "I vote for Mr. Gully's friend." The poll clerk not unreasonably refused at first to take the vote. It was Mr. Monckton Milnes—now Lord Houghton—the opposing candidate, who interposed with "We all know what that means. Take the vote for Martin." It was three years after this that he was raised to the place on the Bench which he occupied for twenty-three years. Of a singularly active mind, he was never a great reader of general literature, and it was characteristic of him that the library in his chambers overlooking the fountain in the Middle Temple consisted of law books, the Bible, and the *Racing Calendar*. English history and Scott's novels he knew thoroughly well, and early in his career at the Bar he appeared as an author, publishing a small but useful treatise on the statute modifying the provisions of the Statute of Frauds, known as Lord Tenterden's Act. His fondness for and interest in horses is well known, and his knowledge of the *Racing Calendar* was something extraordinary, although he never made a bet, and when he first began to take a great interest in the subject of the Turf he had never seen a race. In the old days of the Northern Circuit, when the journey had still to be made by coach, Martin knew every team on the road, and when, in Yorkshire, the way lay by racing paddocks, he would point out and give the particular history of the horses in the paddocks that could be seen from the coach-top. Once, on a first visit to a large house in Yorkshire, where there were a quantity of racing cups on the sideboard in the dining-room, he was able at once to name the races at which they had each been won, and to give the names of the winners.

As a judge, Baron Martin was, as has been said, especially solid and sound; and it may be that the brevity to which he leant, and of which there is now so much need, was in part due, as has been suggested, to a reaction against the protracted technicalities with which he was familiar, both as a student and as a special pleader, before he became a practising barrister. The days of special pleading are over; and the name of the thing itself might die out but for the perverse industry of novelists, who use the words "special pleading" under the impression that they mean some peculiarly iniquitous form of advocacy; and few people will be found to regret an institution which, with all its obvious faults, yet had some merits in teaching closeness—though not always terseness—and accuracy of style. That the days of the brevity which was in contrast to, if not more or less caused by, the technicalities referred to seem also to be over probably many people regret. Scarcely a week passes nowadays without affording some instance, great or small, of preliminary procedure dragged out to a length which in old times would have been thought exaggerated for a trial, or of a trial itself dragged out to a length which in old days would have been deemed impossible, since it would never have been tolerated by the race of judges to which Baron Martin belonged. To him and to his compeers the dignity of the Bench was something more than a name, the use or abuse of public time was something more than a passing consideration. There are, or were, many stories current in illustration of Baron Martin's individual love of brevity, and one which has been quoted in the *Times* is certainly not unhappy. "Gentlemen of the jury," he is reported to have said, "you have heard the evidence and the speeches of the learned counsel. If you believe the old woman in red, you will find the prisoner guilty; if you do not believe her, you will find him not guilty." Another story told in the same article seems to be a variant of one current as to Baron Martin's deferring sentence on a peculiarly heinous criminal. The Court next day was crowded with people expectant of such an elaborate and eloquent speech to the prisoner as some judges would not have lost the chance of making. All, according to this version of the story, that Baron Martin said was, "Prisoner at the bar, you're a very bad man. You'll have ten years of it." Whichever version of the story may happen to be correct, both point to the excellent discretion shown by the Baron in deferring sentence until his personal indignation at the prisoner's conduct had time to give place to the absolutely judicial frame of mind, and point also to the love of dealing closely and quickly with the matter in hand upon which

we have dwelt. That something more of the spirit which in this respect animated Baron Martin's conduct at the Bar and in the office which he so long and so honourably filled might be found among a newer generation of lawyers is a wish which possibly is more permissible than certain to be gratified.

SOME MILITARY INVENTIONS.

AN inventor, before a committee of officers appointed to inquire into the merits of his invention, has a good deal in common with a prisoner before a tribunal. They are both suspected persons, they have both suspicions either of the goodwill or intelligence of their judges, and they both feel that only by rare good luck they will attain what they want. But the prisoner has this advantage over the other, that the burden of proving his case does not rest with himself, whereas the inventor has to satisfy his judges of the harmlessness of his invention, and, moreover, of its indispensable utility. The feeling, however, that he is suspected very seldom suffices to damp the ardour of a discoverer thoroughly ridden away with by a hobby. On the contrary, he rushes to the encounter. But from the first moment it is plain that the judicial body and himself look at matters from quite a different standpoint. The judges, strong in the faith that "there is nothing new under the sun," and in the experience of many previous disappointments, cannot help betraying that they expect to see "only some new dodge." The inventor is received with much courtesy, and his work is examined with abundant curiosity, which finds expression in minute inquiries and little tentative objections, all of which the inventor will brush superbly aside, if he is of the right sort. Yet he rarely leaves the committee-room altogether happy in his mind, for he cannot be quite sure that the intelligence of the judges is on a level with his own ingenuity, and then he remembers how careful they were not to commit themselves to definite opinions. Many who come forward with what are really no more than "dodges" are civilians having no practical acquaintance with military or naval affairs. It is always difficult to make these persons understand that the army and navy are very considerable departments; that alterations in dress, arms, equipment, &c., if made at all, must be made on an extensive scale, and will inevitably entail great expense.

Again, an invention may be a very recommendable one from certain points of view, not from others. We have seen rifles having low trajectory, long range, and other desiderata, which would prove admirable weapons in the hands of a few select shots, but which, from the delicacy of their machinery, it would never do to entrust to the rough rank and file. But your inventor fails to draw such fine distinctions, as he thinks them; he argues from what the rifle will do in his own hands, and concludes that if it suits one man it will suit fifty thousand. Then follow the usual complaints on rejection:—"The President of the Board was against me from the first"; "the rifle never had a fair trial"; "of course they back up their own men," &c. No doubt there is occasionally legitimate ground for grievance. Too many Englishmen have gone off in dudgeon with valuable inventions to foreign Governments after vainly pressing them on the notice of our own authorities, and even offering to be allowed a trial at their own expense. There is only one discovery which we believe all Governments all over the world are justified in rejecting without examination, and that is one which pretends to "square the circle." We were presented not long since with a most elaborate work by an American gentleman who claims to have accomplished this feat. Only half of one volume was within our comprehension, and that was taken up with furious denunciations of one of our leading journals for refusing to notice the book, and of the Astronomer-Royal for declining "even to open any work treating of the squaring of the circle." They well know, comments the indignant author, that, were the truth of my proposition accepted, "the science of centuries would go to pieces."

Here is a proposal of decidedly a more practical character. A gentleman of an ingenious turn of mind and real ability has recently invited the military authorities to substitute for our present form of carriage single wheels which should be capable of carrying some 500 lbs., whether of ammunition, entrenching tools, provisions, or what not, attached to a surrounding yoke. The leading idea is, that if each company had four of these "carrier wheels," a battalion might be independent of other transport. The wheel is rolled by one man, and kept upright by another on either side while it travels easy roads, but requires extra hands in difficult ground. The designer guarantees it able to go up hill and down dale, across country, and even to take hedges and ditches. It is proposed that the carrier should be brought close to the front in action, so that the men may have spare cartridges, water, tools, &c., at hand. Other advantages claimed for these wheels are that they would not run away as horses sometimes do; nor be killed or wounded as mules may be; nor would they require food, repose, or medicine. If all this is true, it would appear that since the days of Darius transport departments have been unnecessarily complicating matters by using wheels in pairs and fours. Waggoners are certainly not convenient machines where there are no roads, and even two-wheeled carts do not readily take hedges and ditches. When we consider, too, the trouble and vast expense connected with transport animals, it certainly seems desirable to dispense if possible with their use. So the pattern wheel produced by the inventor was set going on

the occasion of a field day over broken country, and it got on remarkably well, rolling smoothly over the flats, surmounting small obstacles, taking easily an opposing hedge, and consenting to be pushed up a steep hill. But, alas! its capacity for going down dale surpassed all expectation, as, finding itself through some carelessness on the part of the wheelers free to show off, it started down the hill again, and woe would have betided any cynical doubter of its prowess who had chanced to cross its path. Perhaps it occurred to the Committee when watching its terrible career that Hannibal might on an historical occasion have been saved the trouble of driving down on his beleaguering foe some two thousand oxen having on their heads flaming faggots, had he possessed a few hundred of these wheels. But some real objections to them are, that in rough or woody country they would require many men, who must be taken from the fighting line, to look after them; it would be impossible to get them over unbridged streams without unloading; their use would be restricted generally to a country with roads; and in the confusion of a repulse they would not be easy to make off with.

Another curious proposal of quite a different order was submitted a short time back to the Ordnance Department by an officer of experience. The scheme was set out with abundance of logic, and filled some thirty pages of foolscap. It was proposed to annul the effects of rifle fire by clothing the soldier in a suit of armour. The British infantrymen were to go into battle the living embodiments of those straw-stuffed but mail-clad warriors who, arrayed upon the shelves of the United Service Institution and the Tower, look down upon us from the distance of mediæval times. The new armour was to be of a superior description, composed partly of steel and partly of Cape buffalo hide, a substance which possesses extreme tenacity. It has been proved that at 100 yards $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch of steel will defy a Martini-Henry bullet; and upon this calculation the inventor made out that by using steel to protect the vital, and hide to cover the non-vital, parts, a soldier might be made quasi-invulnerable to rifle fire without imposing too great a weight upon him. But—and it is a very big but—to enable the man to carry his armour, it would be necessary to relieve him of all he now carries, except rifle and cartridges. “And what if you do?” says the inventor; “you can carry all that for him in carts; that is simply a matter of transport arrangement.” We can fancy a Committee considering the subject adding, “And still more a matter of transport dis-arrangement.” As in the case of the magic wheel, this is an instance where the designer has the best of the argument so long as he is exposing the merits of his design, without allowing for objections which may be taken on the score of general applicability. Granted that your soldier has been made invulnerable, how now do you undertake to give him mobility? One great desideratum being to disencumber an army of transport as much as possible, you would double or treble the existing proportions if the soldiers’ kits were transferred to wheeled carriages. Perhaps our friend with the wheel would see here his opportunity. The designer, of course, did not suffer his calculations to be disturbed by questions which he would consider of trivial consequence as compared with the advantages to be got out of his invention. He reasoned very logically that in a stand-up fight between an invulnerable battalion, or one only vulnerable perhaps in the heel, and another simply flesh-cased, the feelings of the former would be infinitely more serene, their persons more secure, and their victory a matter of certainty. And, if war could be resolved into an affair where opponents must meet on a flat, confined within a parallelogram between high walls, we should all of us prefer being in the ranks of the invulnerables. It is plain that flesh and blood pure and simple would stand no chance. This was Louis Napoleon’s idea when he caused four thousand iron breastplates to be sent to the Crimea for the use of the Guard. He saw in imagination his victorious troops swarming over the Russian parapets, some few dropping peppered through the legs, but the mass sweeping on resistlessly, the enemy giving way on all sides as they found their hail of bullets turned aside by the *impermeables* of the stormers. The Emperor Nicholas mocked when he heard of his rival’s scheme, and said his soldiers did not need armour; and the French generals themselves thought it advisable to leave the breastplates in store until after the assault had been delivered. The objections to putting an army into armour are sufficiently obvious to all but the would-be inventor, who, we believe, has never condoned the rejection of his scheme. Probably, if the ingenious gentleman crossed the Irish Channel, he would meet with more success in explaining his method to vulnerable landlords and timid process-servers.

There is another invention of which we spoke some time ago in these columns—one of a less ambitious order, but well worthy in our opinion of careful examination—namely, the light shield which Captain G. W. Cockburn, as long back as 1857, proposed should be given to our field artillery. Colonel C. B. Brackenbury has lately—but, we believe, so far without effect—urged the proposal on the notice of the authorities. Sir W. Armstrong also was taken with the idea. The case is briefly this. Experiments at Okehampton showed that at 1,000 yards guns firing at dummies killed and wounded 18 per cent. in one minute, at 600 yards 33, at 400 yards 40, at 200 yards 50, and at 100 yards no less than 75 per cent. in the same time. Of course there would be a difference in the result were the dummies converted into riflemen with power of reply. But the terrible execution of guns at short ranges having thus been proved, the necessity, if that power is to be utilized, of protecting the gunners in some way is apparent.

It is proposed, therefore, to give artillery light shields, separate from the gun carriages, which would afford a large measure of protection from rifle fire. We cannot now go into the details of the plan, but we hope to hear some day that the “big wigs” have condescended to look into it. Another gentleman—this time a civilian—is not content with shielding a few gunners, but would throw his *ægis* over the whole infantry of an army. He has evidently taken Goliath of Gath as his model, undeterred by that warrior’s ignominious failure. It is recorded of the Philistine that “one bearing a shield went before him”; and our inventor proposes that the British soldier shall be preceded by a man bearing an iron mantlet. When a brigade enters into action the shields that go before are to be fixed in the ground, and behind this cover the riflemen will pop away in happy security. This proposal was actually embodied in a lecture given at the United Service Institution. It is a pity the two inventors—the one with his armour, the other with his mantlet—did not combine, as then we should have had a lifelike reproduction of the conditions under which Goliath stepped forth to battle.

We might continue with a series of schemes and designs which now and again clamour for attention, are weighed in the balance, and are then heard of no more. On the whole, inventors cannot be said to have a good time of it, for, even if they succeed, the people who do not invent usually reap the reward; and, on the other hand, from the days of Icarus downwards, much risk and uncertainty has always waited on lofty aspirations in the way of discovery.

THE BOLLANDISTS.

LITTLE as the modern, and especially the Protestant, world knows or cares about the “Lives of the Saints” generally, it knows still less—scarcely indeed anything beyond the name—of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, which form incomparably the best and completest collection of these Lives. And yet both the series and the subject it deals with are of no slight interest and value from many points of view. M. Guizot has devoted to it a chapter of his *History of Civilization in France*, and while observing that these saintly chronicles constitute the real literature of the first half of the middle age, nourishing at once its intellectual, moral, and æsthetic life, he adds—what is obvious—that “so great an activity and fecundity cannot certainly be due simply to the imagination of the authors, but must arise from general and powerful causes.” M. Renan goes further; he reckons the continuation of the Bollandist series among the most serious and most beneficial characteristics of the Catholic reaction of the present century, and considers that “for a true philosopher a prison cell with these 55 volumes in folio would be a true paradise.” And Mr. Froude, who may perhaps be considered a more impartial witness, justly reminds us—it is in the same essay by the way where his laudation of the genuine austerity of the early monks is based on a slight confusion between convent cellars and convent cells—that, if philosophy has rescued the old theogonies, with all their grotesque extravagances, from ridicule, as expressing a real reverential belief, it may at least be expected to do “for mediæval mythology what it has done for Hesiod and for the *Edæa*.” Neither indeed, as he insists, is the principle at the root of this Christian hagiology one which any religion can afford to ignore. “To try and teach people how to live without giving them examples in which our rules are illustrated is like teaching them to draw by the rules of perspective, and of light and shade, without designs in which to study the effects; or to write verse by the laws of rhyme and metre, without song or poem in which rhyme and metre are exhibited.” And, accordingly, biographies or memoirs of good men, under whatever variety of form or designation, have always formed an important portion of the spiritual nutriment of pious Christians, Catholic and Protestant alike; even Foxe’s *Martyrology* was a clumsy attempt to supply the want. As to the wonderful “fecundity” of the Bollandist collection, it may suffice to cite Guizot’s astounding enumeration of 1,472 saints for the single month of April, and his calculation that the 53 volumes then published—two more have appeared since—contained above 25,000 lives. And it must be remembered that even this vast number is but a selection, for the Bollandist editors chose out of the mass before them what they regarded as most noteworthy and trustworthy, and as of Catholic rather than only national interest. When Mr. Lecky, following the guidance of Guizot, speaks of the collection being “begun at Antwerp by a Jesuit named Bolland, in 1643,” his statement is accurate in the letter, but omits to mention that the great design, still only approaching completion, did not, as we shall presently see, originate with Bolland. Its history, from first to last, is a curious and interesting one; and we propose to take advantage of a paper by Mr. G. P. Stokes in the *Contemporary Review* for January by giving our readers some account of a compilation of unique character and significance, with the name of which all must be familiar, while to many of them probably it will convey no very definite impression.

The idea of what is called the Bollandist series of Lives originated, not with Bollandus—who was, however, the actual founder of the Company named after him, and editor of the earlier volumes—but with Heribert Rosweid, born at Utrecht in 1569, who in 1589 entered the Jesuit noviciate, and became a Professor.

first at Douai and afterwards at Antwerp, and an enthusiastic antiquary. He published various works, one of which, the *Lives of the Belgic Saints (Fusti Sanctorum quorum Vita in Belgicis Bibliothecis Manuscripta)* was avowedly designed as a specimen of another and more comprehensive work embracing the lives of all the Saints known to the Church throughout the world. This work was to be comprised in sixteen volumes, the first two containing Lives of Christ and the Virgin, the third to the fourteenth carrying the Lives of the Saints assigned to each day in the Church Calendar through the twelve months in order, and the last two volumes supplying thirteen distinct indexes, biographical, historical, controversial, geographical, and moral. The Lives were to be critically prepared after a careful collation of all existing manuscripts and hagiographies. Rosweid had a European celebrity, and his scheme therefore attracted the widest attention, and to the best judges seemed wholly impracticable. Cardinal Bellarmine asked whether he expected to live two hundred years, for within no shorter space of time could such a work be worthily performed by one man. A longer period has in fact elapsed since its commencement, and the labours, not of a single man but of a whole literary Society, have as yet completed ten only out of the twelve months into which the series is divided. Rosweid himself did not live even to begin the actual composition of the work, though he had accumulated much precious material for it before he was carried off in 1629 by a contagious fever caught in the active discharge of his pastoral duties. The Jesuit Society accepted as a sacred and corporate bequest the undertaking he had planned, and at his death John Bolland, or Bollandus, well known at Antwerp as a preacher and confessor, was summoned to the task. Without abandoning his public ministry he devoted himself assiduously to his new duties, working, we are told—not exactly, like Mr. Froude's monks, in a cellar—but in "two small dark chambers next the roof, exposed alike to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, in the Jesuit House at Antwerp." The great Benedictine Monasteries, as well as his own Order, gave him every help in their power, and thus a vast amount of fresh material was brought to light. In 1635 he wisely sought the assistance of a brother Jesuit, Henschenius, who proved to be a man of much wider views as to the scope of the work than himself:—

Henschenius scorned the narrow limits within which his master would fain limit himself. He boldly launched out into a discussion of all the aspects of his subject, discussing not merely the men themselves, but also the history of their times, and doing that in a manner now impossible, as the then well stored, but now widely scattered, muniment rooms of the abbeys of Flanders and Northern France lay at his disposal. Bollandus was so struck with the success of this innovation that he at once abandoned his own restricted ideas, and adopted the more exhaustive method of his assistant, which of course involved the extension of the work far beyond the sixteen volumes originally contemplated. The first two volumes appeared in 1643, and the next three, including the "Saints of February," in 1658.

The reigning Pope, Alexander VII., who had been the lifelong friend and patron of Bollandus, now pressed on him an oft-repeated invitation to visit Rome, and utilize the immense stores accumulated there and in other Italian libraries. He was too infirm to go himself, but he deputed Henschenius and Daniel Papebrock, another assistant lately added to the Company, to go in his place, and they spent two years and a half, from the middle of 1659 to the end of 1661, in the journey, travelling slowly through Southern Germany and Italy and making an exhaustive examination of the various libraries on their route, which were thrown open to them in Catholic and Protestant cities alike, and where they were received with a cordiality and homage which turned their pilgrimage into a sort of royal progress. The greater part of 1661 they spent at Rome, where all ordinary restrictions on the free use of books or manuscripts were dispensed with in their favour by the Pope. Four years after their return home, in 1665, Bollandus died. He had himself worked at eight folios of the series; Henschenius worked at twenty-four, Papebrock at nineteen, Janningus, his successor, at thirteen. The suppression of the Jesuit Order in 1774 by Clement XIV. was followed in 1783 by the dissolution of the Bollandist Company, when Godfrey Hermans, a Præmonstratensian abbot, bought their library, and for seven years continued the work, till it was brought to a close for the time by the wars of the French Revolution. Two ineffectual attempts were made to revive it, one in 1801, and a second in 1810, under the auspices of Napoleon; but in 1814 Pius VII. restored the Jesuit Order, and at last in 1838 four of its members, Boone, Vandermoere, Coppens, and Van Hecke, revived the Bollandist Company, and the work from that time forward has steadily advanced. Some idea of its general plan may be gathered from the following specimen analysed of the order of a single volume:—

Our author first of all arranged the saints of each day in chronological order, discussing them accordingly. A list of the names belonging to it is prefixed to the portion of the volume devoted to each separate day, so that one can see at a glance the lives belonging to that day and the order in which they are taken. A list then follows of those rejected or postponed to other days. Next come prefaces, prolegomena, and "previous dissertations," examining the lives, actions, and miracles of the Saints, authorship and history of the manuscripts, and other literary and historical questions. Then appear the lives of the Saints in the original language, if Latin; if not, then a Latin version is given; while of the Greek *menologion*, which the Bollandists discovered during their Roman journey, we have both the Greek original and a Latin translation. Appended to the lives are annotations, explaining any difficulties therein; while no less than five or six indexes adorn each volume: the first an alphabetical list of Saints discussed; the second chronological; the third historical; the fourth topographical; the fifth an onomasticon, or glossary; the sixth moral or dialectic, suggesting topics for preachers.

Prefixed to each volume will be found a dedication to some of the numerous patrons of the Bollandists, followed by an account of the life and labours of any of their Company who had died since their last publication. Thus, opening the first volume for March, we find, in order, a dedication to the reigning Pope, Clement IX.; the life of Bollandus; an alphabetical index of all the Saints celebrated during the first eight days of March; a chronological list of Saints discussed under the head of March 1; the lives of Saints, including the Greek ones discovered by Henschenius during his Italian tour, ranged under their various natal days, followed by five indexes as already described. But, the reader may well ask, is there no general index, no handy means of steering one's way through this vast mass of erudition, without consulting each one of those fifty or sixty volumes? Without such an apparatus, indeed, this giant undertaking would be largely in vain; but here again the forethought of Bollandus from the very outset of his enterprise made provision for a general index, which was at last published at Paris, in 1875. We possess also in Potthast's "*Bibliotheca Historica Medii Ævi*," a most valuable guide through the mazes of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," while for a very complete analysis of every volume, joined with a lucid explanation of any changes in arrangement, we may consult De Backer's "*Bibliothèque des Écrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*," t. v., under the name "Bollandus."

If it be asked what is the use of such a compilation, we have already, in the opening of this paper, hinted at one obvious reply. But it must be added that the work possesses also a direct critical value, especially for mediæval history, secular as well as ecclesiastical, because the compilers, having had unrivalled opportunities of obtaining or copying documents—many of them no longer accessible—printed their authorities as they found them, and have thus preserved for us a mine of historical material which would otherwise have perished in the French Revolution and the wars which grew out of it. The titles of a few out of the many critical dissertations appended to the *Vite* may serve to illustrate this aspect of the work. Thus we have dissertations on "the Byzantine historian, Theophanes," on "the Ancient Catalogues of the Roman Pontiffs," on "the Diplomatic Art"—which elicited the famous treatise of Mabillon, *De Re Diplomatica*—on certain mediæval "Itineraries in Palestine," on "the Patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem," on "the Bishops of Milan to the year 1261," on the "Mediæval Kings of Majorca," and three distinct treatises on "the Chronology of the early Merovingian and other French Kings." We have no space to follow Mr. Stokes through his detailed exhibition of the importance and variety of the side lights thus thrown upon many historical matters; but it is worth noting that he does not endorse the opinion of the writer in the new issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as to the critical inferiority of the modern Bollandists to their predecessors, and that he believes these records will be found to supply fresh illustrations even of our English annals, discussing as they do very fully the lives of such English saints as Edward the Confessor and Wilfrid of York. The Vatican dogma of Papal infallibility appears to have troubled the Bollandists as well as other Roman divines. The apostasy of Liberius was formerly acknowledged as historical, and Felix II., who was chosen Pope in his place, appears as a saint in the Roman Martyrology for July 29, under sanction of a solemn decree of Pope Gregory XIII.; and accordingly his sanctity and orthodoxy and the heresy of Liberius are vigorously maintained in the seventh Bollandist volume for July. But in a later volume, as in current Ultramontane writers like Alzog, he becomes a heretic and anti-pope usurping the place of Liberius, the true and orthodox Pontiff; yet the name of St. Felix still remains in the Breviary for July 29. Of a different kind were the controversies in which the Bollandists became involved with the Carmelites, Dominicans, and other rival communities. Papebrock e.g. ventured to challenge the alleged descent of the Carmelite Order from Elijah the Tishbite, whereupon the Spanish Inquisition condemned the first fourteen volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* as dangerous to faith, and the outraged Carmelites, after vainly invoking the aid of the King of Spain, induced Pope Innocent XIII. to impose silence on the disputants. The Dominicans later on had a fierce controversy with the Bollandists about the genealogy of their founder St. Dominic. In such disputes the Bollandists generally had the best of the argument. It deserves indeed to be noted, considering how little credit the Jesuits have usually enjoyed for veracity, that in this matter the Bollandists at least appear to be quite above suspicion. With Mr. Stokes's emphatic vindication of their historical candour our notice of their labours must conclude:—

In them we behold oftentimes a credulity which would not have found place among men who knew by experience more of the world of life and action, but, on the other hand, we find in them thorough loyalty to historical truth. They deal in no suppression of evidence; they give every side of the question. They write like men who feel, as Bollandus their founder did, that under no circumstances is it right to tell a lie. They never hesitate to avow their own convictions and predilections. They draw their own conclusions, and put their own gloss upon facts and documents; but yet they give the documents as they found them, and they enable the impartial student—working not in trammels as they did—to make a sounder and truer use of them. They display not the spirit of the mere confessor whose tone has been lowered by the stifling atmosphere of the casuistry with which he has been perpetually dealing; but, the braced soul, the hardy courage of the historical critic, who having climbed the lofty peaks of bygone centuries, has watched and noted the inevitable discovery and defeat of lies, the grandeur and beauty of truth.

DEATH-TRAPS.

THE bridge of seventy arches which Mirza beheld in his vision of life was pierced with many traps, through which the wayfarers fell and were no more seen. Though the tendency of civilization is, on the whole, to raise the average of longevity, we

may doubt whether there are not as many death-traps now as there ever were before in the ways of civilized men. It is said that if the public once knew how many "shaves" and narrow escapes there are in the best-regulated railway journeys, no one would ever travel by rail. The day of stage-coaches would return, and the shares of Railway Companies would experience what the French call a *krach*. But really it would be absurd of the public, however well-informed about trains, to disarrange its manner of life. We have only to think of the risks we run every moment of the day to become hypochondriacs or desperadoes.

Every one admits that our lines are cast in an age of progress. Speed and competition rule the market, and to interfere with whatever makes for cheapness is recognized as an economical sin, and a fearful survival of feudal oppression. It is also a truism that things which are made cheaply and hastily, to supply the demand of the moment, are not made to last. But, as haste and cheapness rule the market, our path is positively spread, like the pleasure-grounds of Giant Despair, with man-traps and death-traps. The papers are full at present of horrible events which every one deplores and regrets, but against which it is useless, and perhaps illiberal, to protest. By a wicked survival, it is true, of feudal oppressiveness some inconvenience is being caused to some spirited theatrical managers. Their theatres are regarded as likely to become death-traps of the most deadly description. In case of fire, or alarm of fire, it is asserted that the frightened public would get clubbed and massed in gangways crowded with chairs, gangways so constructed that certain seats would act like keystones in an arch, and weld the terrified crowd into one solid, immovable block of humanity. Supposing that danger past, which is supposing a great deal, the fugitives would once more (in many cases) be jammed into long, narrow, and tortuous tunnels, where we may take it for granted that the gas would go out. Several dozens of theatres, more than forty we think, have been burned in the past year alone. Therefore, as we see, some feeble steps are being taken, and some annoyance has even been caused to managers. But does the press, that guardian of our interests, take the matter up seriously, as if it were some shiftiness of a Minister, or some effort of an Irish landlord to save a portion of his property? Not in the least. There is no public expression of indignation on the subject. A great deal of money is sunk in theatres as they are, and the interests of the capitalists must not be disturbed. Besides, newspapers like, for several obvious reasons not altogether unconnected with advertisements, to be on good terms with theatres. The critics (who take their lives in their hands nightly) may protest like one man, but, except for two or three unnoticed letters in the *Times*, the press confines itself to deprecating alarm. This will go on till a few hundred people are burned in some London death-trap; then there will be a fuss, and then the Lord Chamberlain will be left again to his well-meant struggle with the theatres.

Among cheap but well-contrived death-traps, a number of new hotels may be mentioned. And when we say "cheap," we must be understood to refer only to the original cost of manufacture. Now and then a nervous traveller in Florence, for example, may have observed that the only passage to his lofty chamber is carried, on a thin bridge of wood, over a narrow street. He may have inferred that his chance of safety in case of a fire was not worth two *soldi*. The countless new hotels hastily run up in Switzerland, the Highlands, and wherever tourists flock, are also death-traps of great excellence and ingenuity, especially when they are very high, as they usually are, and almost entirely built of wood. The pine-wood staircases, in particular, seem the very fuel for what critics would not refuse to recognize as "a beautiful fire." We do not know whether the spirited managers usually keep several fire-escapes on the premises, or whether this is regarded as an expensive and superfluous outlay. Probably confidence is placed in the chance that in a large hotel there will always be some one awake, and that an alarm could be given in time to save many lives. No doubt the owner of Newhall House, a large six-story hotel in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, soothed what conscience he possessed with reflections of this comforting description. "The building has long been known to be unsafe, and was frequently called a death-trap," says the New York Correspondent of the *Daily News*. The death-trap has worked admirably, surpassing even the expectations of local amateurs. On Tuesday, at four in the morning (a good hour for the purpose), the Newhall House Hotel caught fire. "In half an hour the building was a solid mass of fire." It was built of brick, not fire-proof, and probably had wooden staircases; thus what occurred was precisely what might have been expected. There were eighty-six servants in the upper story; and these unhappy people, cut off from every hope of escape, tortured by flame and suffocated by smoke, actually "jumped in dozens from the windows" on to the pavement. They thus secured, in many cases, a prompt and more painless death than that of being roasted alive. We do not hear of fire-escapes, but it is said that "Tom Thumb," the professional dwarf, was carried down a ladder by a fireman. An actress was burned alive before the eyes of the crowd. The owner of the hotel is said to have become insane, and much sympathy should be felt for a man who naturally did not wish to incur expense. The poor fellow "who now does crazy go" was probably a rich man driving a roaring trade. Money has its privileges; the accumulation of wealth is a duty with which nothing should be allowed to interfere.

The same wisdom and morality must console us when we hear of hundreds of people living and working under the shadow of a chimney which "bulges" and is "off the plumb," and cracks

and discharges small showers of stones, and sways in the wind, and, in short, behaves like a small volcano threatening an eruption. "Threatened folk live long"; so we reside at inflammable hotels, and visit theatres in whose outlets visitors murmur every night that there would be "no chance here in case of a fire." Working people under a threatening chimney cannot help themselves. They have to buy bread and meat, or the rent is due, and, like the poor Bradford woman of whom we have just been reading, they send their only son to death in the hope of paying the rent, and on the off-chance that the chimney will not fall till the rent has been paid.

To appoint strict inspectors of death-traps, with powers to close theatres and mills and hotels till they are so arranged as to give the public some security for life, would be an autocratic, un-English, bureaucratic, centralizing, and even, probably, a "feudal," arrangement, as many excellent but uneducated journalists and members of Parliament count feudalism. Individual enterprise is already too much thwarted by State control. Within the last week a builder, no doubt an enterprising man, has been interfered with when he was erecting houses over vegetable soil, on a foundation of one inch of cement. It is caprices of this sort which are alienating all earnest Radical thinkers from the Government. The real bearings of a case like this are perfectly plain. There ought to be free-trade in every kind of death-trap. If there were no demand for villas elevated on vegetable soil, and founded on a layer of cement one inch thick, there would be no supply. How are you to stop the demand? Why, clearly by allowing experience to educate the public. After a certain number of people have died of the diseases caused by the cheap death-trap kind of houses, the demand will cease, and builders will be less economical and more careful of sanitary arrangements. Even now the richer classes are becoming educated in the matter of drains, and the death-traps which plumbers so cunningly construct in palaces and public offices. A more thorough system of inspection by properly qualified officers would encourage a careless indolent habit in the public. Besides, it is extremely improbable that educated sanitary experts know anything about sanitary engineering. The tenant of each house is likely to form a much sounder judgment, and the cheap plumber who does the work, or the builder who pays for it, is of course the highest authority of all. While these notions, eminently English and sensible as they are, prevail, our sanitary arrangements and the art of sculpture as practised here are likely to keep their present lofty level.

The excellent death-traps arranged by Railway Companies hardly need our praise. It is acknowledged that you may be burned, beaten, insulted, robbed, and murdered in a railway-carriage without having any chance of summoning assistance. If you are powerful enough to open a window (not the wrong window) and tug a rope (not the wrong rope) till you attract the attention of the guard, you are also powerful enough to tackle any one who assails you without any assistance at all. This reflection must comfort travellers in France, where strangling passengers and throwing them out of window is a fashionable development of individual enterprise. It is also a consolation to learn from a correspondent at Cannes that a gang of stranglers who worked with the lasso has just been discovered in that pleasant watering-place, and that the Thugs have been arrested. The band was holding a general meeting, and arranging a scheme of operations. This sort of death-trap is therefore, for the moment, at a discount. But the happy thought of using lassoes is likely to reach the London roughs, and a new danger will be added to the ventilating holes on the Embankment. What with death-traps in theatres, hotels, chimneys, houses, railways, and so forth, the path of civilized life seems rather perilous at present. But let us avoid alarm, and regard with jealous suspicion every attempt to limit the freedom of Englishmen—especially of managers, builders, Railway Companies, and manufacturers.

AUSTRALASIAN DEBT AND FINANCE.

THE appearance of two of our Australasian colonies at the same time in the London money market as borrowers has revived the old criticism upon the financial policy of those colonies, and has called forth from the Agent-General of one of them a defence of his own Government. It is said, on the one hand, that the colonies are attempting to do too much at once, that they are thereby compromising their own future, and that it is desirable that English investors should teach them a lesson of moderation by refusing them credit any longer. On the other hand, the object of Mr. Murray Smith's pamphlet is to show that this criticism is unfounded. It may be well to inquire impartially how the matter really stands, for we are all interested in the future of those new and vigorous communities which are reproducing our laws, institutions, and customs at the other side of the globe. At first sight it appears that the Australasian colonies are really going too fast. Their aggregate population at the end of 1880 was estimated at somewhat less than 23 millions, and they owed among them at the same time, in round figures, 90 millions sterling. The debt of the colonies, therefore, was at the enormous rate of 33% per head of the population; and this enormous debt was mainly the cause why they were obliged to raise an exorbitant revenue of over 17 millions sterling, or more than 6*l.* per head. But when we look into the figures a little more carefully we see

reason to modify our first impressions. In the first place, of the total aggregate revenue of 17 millions, only 6,173,658*l.* were raised by taxation, being at the rate of a little over 2*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per head of the population. Not much more, therefore, than one-third of the total revenue is raised by taxation. But the critics object that this is the very worst feature of the whole case. The colonies, it is urged, are raising a large part of their revenue by squandering their capital, which ought to be reserved as an inheritance for future generations. They are selling land, that is, for a merely nominal price, and are paying away the money received in current expenditure. This charge was better founded some time ago than it is at present, for now the chief colonies recognize the impropriety of applying capital to current expenditure, and are applying the proceeds of the land sales in the construction of public works—that is, they are converting capital in one shape into capital in another. It is obvious that in those colonies land is of no use unless it is cultivated. The first object, therefore, is naturally to attract population, and it may not unreasonably be argued that it would well pay the colonies to give away the land for nothing, if they could settle upon it an industrious and law-abiding population. That population would soon create wealth, which would yield abundant taxation to defray the charges of the Government. We are not here inquiring whether the land policy pursued by our colonies after the example of the United States is a wise one. A time will inevitably come when the United States and the colonies will be fully settled, when the towns will contain a vast population bordering upon pauperism, and when the social questions that are now agitating Europe will have to be faced and solved in some manner. It may, therefore, be urged that it is incumbent upon the colonies to look forward to this future and to provide in some measure for it, and that in parting absolutely for a small consideration with all control over the land they are putting it out of the power of future generations to meet social questions with free hands. But these are matters which do not concern us now; our point is to inquire whether the colonies are compromising their future by the financial policy they are pursuing.

At the end of 1880 there were 4,870 miles of railway open to traffic, and 1,169 miles under construction. Speaking generally, the debt was incurred for the construction of railways, waterworks, and other public works. Here at home and in the United States the construction of railways has been left to private enterprise. It was possible to do this in so rich a country as England, because private enterprise abounded, and had at its disposal all the means it required. And for the same reason it was also possible in the United States, although in the United States the Federal Government came to the aid of the Railway Companies by immense land grants. For example, the land grants of the Northern Pacific Railway amount in the aggregate to nearly half the area of the whole of France. In the Australasian colonies it was not found possible to trust to private enterprise. The colonies were very new, the population very sparse, and the time was distant when it could be expected that railways would pay. The capital to make them did not exist at home, and in the United Kingdom capitalists could not be found who would undertake the construction of lines not likely to make an adequate return for years. The Colonial Governments were eager to open up at once their territories by means of railways. They saw in the United States that wherever a railway was made, although it generally ruined the makers, it attracted settlers in large numbers, and in the course of a few years obtained a paying traffic. They resolved, therefore, since private enterprise could not be expected to make the lines, that they would make them themselves. As they disposed of the taxes of their several communities, they were able to obtain the money necessary in London, and they have thus, as we see, constructed a very considerable network already. But as the enterprise in a commercial sense was doubtful, and as it might possibly compromise the future of the Colonial Governments, the rates of interest they had to pay at first were heavy—5, 6, and as much as 7 per cent. In course of time, however, the investing public in England came to take a more favourable view of railway enterprise in the colonies, and the Governments have been able to borrow on much easier terms. Following the example of the United States Government in this likewise, they borrowed for fixed periods—that is to say, they reserved to themselves the right at an early date to pay off the loans bearing high rates of interest, in the hope of being able to raise an equivalent amount at lower rates. Several of the early loans are about to fall due, and it is the expectation of the Governments that they will be able to borrow at much lower rates, and that thus in fact they will be able to increase very considerably their debts without adding to the charge upon the colonies. This is one favourable circumstance, and another is that the railways in the more advanced colonies are already beginning to pay. As all experience teaches, population follows the line of railways, and when the lands are settled and cultivated, traffic grows up. In a short time it is hoped that the earnings of the railways in the more advanced colonies will suffice to pay the whole interest upon the debt. The Australasian colonies proper were more favourably situated than New Zealand, for New Zealand had a warlike native population to deal with, and the hostilities in which it was involved forced it into large war expenditure. The debt of New Zealand, therefore, is partly a war debt and partly a public works debt; but the debt of the Australian colonies proper is chiefly on account of public works. For example, it is stated by the Agent-General of Victoria that the expenditure upon railways and water-

works by that colony is actually larger than the whole debt of the colony—that is to say, the colony expended out of current revenue a part of the money laid out upon railways; so that the whole of its debt was not only incurred for public works, but actually the outlay on the public works is greater than the debt taken altogether.

Besides the great utility of railways in opening up new districts and allowing population to push forward into the wilderness, and therefore to add year by year new regions to the cultivated area, the construction of railways is of immense advantage to a colony, both by increasing its surplus production and by cheapening the cost of living in the towns. The opening up of the colony of Victoria has allowed the colony to increase its production year by year, and therefore to augment its exports; and at the same time it has increased the area upon which Melbourne has been able to draw for its supplies, and consequently has decreased the cost of living in Melbourne. Not less necessary was the construction of waterworks. In so dry a country as Australia waterworks are an imperative necessity; and, if they have been constructed with a view to irrigation, they will of course increase greatly the value of the land. But, apart from this, it is evident that, without a plentiful supply of water, towns could not exist in Australia; and therefore the construction of waterworks is one of the very first necessities of life in Australia. From a purely financial point of view, the application of the proceeds of land sales to the construction of public works is thoroughly justifiable. It is, as we have said above, merely a conversion of capital in one form into capital in another, and at the same time the construction of these public works enables a greater population to live upon the land and hastens the complete settlement of the country. Of all the Australasian colonies New Zealand has the largest network. At the end of 1880, she had open to traffic 1,258 miles, or about one-fourth of the total; Victoria came next, with 1,199 miles; and New South Wales, at a long interval, with only 849½ miles. The fruits of these public works are already beginning to show themselves in some significant features. For example, Mr. Murray Smith tells us that the last census of Victoria shows that the native-born population already exceeded the foreign-born. The colony was only about thirty years old then, and already the children of settlers exceeded in numbers the settlers themselves. It is a remarkable evidence of rapid and prosperous growth, and it shows that that colony, at any rate, is now self-supporting. Every future census, no doubt, will show the native-born population more and more preponderant. If the population grows at the same rate as the population of the United States did, we may expect to see nearly a million and a half of people in the colony in 1906, or more than half the aggregate population of all the Australasian colonies at present. With the growth of population there will be a vast growth of wealth, a great extension of cultivation, and a proportionate increase in production. Already, however, the settlement of the colonies has proceeded very rapidly. The number of acres under crop in 1880 somewhat exceeded 6½ millions, while there were over 8 millions of cattle, and more than 72 million sheep. It would seem, then, that the financial solvency of the colonies cannot be questioned. But at the same time it is desirable to impress upon them that they would act wisely in not pushing forward their public works too rapidly. It is natural that they should desire to open up the country as quickly as possible; but even a desirable end may be attained too rapidly. We saw in the United States in 1873 how railway construction led to disaster, and the same thing may happen in Australasia if care is not exercised. As yet the colonies have not gone too far; but the figures cited above prove that the debt is very heavy, and that untoward circumstances might place them in a very trying position. Were there to be a series of bad seasons, and were trade to become depressed, the credit of the colonies would inevitably suffer, and the pressure of taxation would become heavy. It would be desirable, therefore, on the part of the colonies not to abuse their position. It is quite true that most of them possess dividend-earning assets in return for their debt, and that it is not a fair mode of representing the debt to say that it amounts to so much per head of the population. The debt was not incurred, except partially in the case of New Zealand, for war, and has not been expended unproductively. But yet even reproductive outlay may be pushed too far.

REVIEWS.

MAN BEFORE METALS.*

ALTHOUGH this book bears the date of 1883, and informs us upon the fly-leaf that "rights of translation and reproduction are reserved," it is in fact a translation of M. Joly's *L'homme avant les métaux*, published in 1879 as one of the volumes of the *Bibliothèque scientifique internationale* of MM. Germer-Baillière, in the same way that it now appears in the "International Scientific Series" of its English publishers. We do not say this in order to detract in any way from the merit of the book, but as an explanation which is due to the author himself. A year or two is indeed of no serious consequence to a book of this kind, which aims at

* *Man before Metals*. By N. Joly. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

presenting the most important results attained by prehistoric anthropology in such a form that they may be appreciated by the general reader. Nevertheless we think that, in justice to the author, the fact that the book really appeared in 1879 might have been mentioned; or else that the author, in justice to himself, before issuing the English edition, might have taken the opportunity of making some corrections which would have brought the work quite up to the level of the present day. On one page we find him saying "Quite recently (June 1878)." In a science which advances so much in a single year as does prehistoric archaeology, four years and a half cannot be described as quite recent. In giving M. de Mortillet's classification of the palæolithic implements, M. Joly calls the earliest type the "St. Acheul type," a name which M. de Mortillet has abandoned in favour of "type challeen." M. Joly calls, by the way, the implement which in his book illustrates this type, "an axe carved on both sides." We are strongly of opinion that the term "axe," as describing these very primitive weapons, should be abandoned, together with the still more inappropriate term "spear-head," which used to be applied to these flints. M. de Mortillet labels them as *coups-de-poignée*. There is, in fact, nothing to lead to the belief that they were set in any sort of haft, or used otherwise than by being held directly in the hand. Then, again, in speaking on the problem of tertiary man—the burning question, one may say, of prehistoric science at the present moment—M. Joly omits all mention of Mr. Boyd Dawkins's *Early Man in Britain*, and of the Lisbon Congress of 1880, in which this matter was brought prominently forward for discussion. There are, in fact, all through the book indications that the author is slightly *arriéré*—indications which would be inexplicable did we not know that the work was written to be published in 1879, and not in 1883.

It is well perhaps to remind the reader that prehistoric archaeology, young as the science is in point of years, has already attained a state of sufficient maturity to have spread itself into several distinct branches, which can hardly be all included in the researches of any one student. There have already appeared one or two handbooks to prehistoric study—such as Mr. Clodd's *Childhood of the World* and Mr. C. F. Keary's *Dawn of History*—which aimed at giving a general view of the results of the science in all its different fields of inquiry. M. Joly confines himself to that branch of it which it will be useful to distinguish as prehistoric anthropology, meaning by that name the study of early man through the tangible remains which he has left to us—his weapons, his bones, his habitations, his tombs, and so forth. Comparative philology, comparative manners and customs, comparative religion and mythology, are excluded, in the main, from the purpose of M. Joly's book, and might perhaps with advantage have been excluded altogether. The field of prehistoric anthropology, in the restricted sense which we have given to the term, affords a study quite wide enough. Within these limits M. Joly's book is the most complete popular treatise which has yet appeared. It supplements in a very admirable way Mr. Tylor's *Anthropology*, with which it is almost uniform in size and appearance. M. Joly divides his book into two parts. In the first part he gives a full though not very clear sketch of the most important fields of prehistoric inquiry which have been opened up by the labours of different explorers. We begin, as we are bound to do, with M. Boucher de Perthes and the flints of Abbeville, and after passing in review the different remains belonging to the river drift, we come to the more interesting, or at any rate more varied, palæolithic implements of the caves, which may be classified in a certain chronological order by means of the animals' bones in company with which they are found. No one has aimed more at bringing method into the arrangement of the implements of the first Stone Age than has the late assistant-conservator of the Musée de St. Germain. Sometimes, it is true, M. de Mortillet yields to the temptation which generally besets a Frenchman—a desire to be too ingenious and systematic. Still he has, on the whole, shed a good deal of light upon the difficult problem of the classification of the palæolithic implements, and his merits in this respect any one may appreciate who compares the amorphous prehistoric section of the British Museum with the collection over which M. Mortillet presided. We think that M. Joly might have given greater prominence to this arrangement. We have already signified our dissent from the term "axe" as applied to the rudest of all the types of flint implements. According to M. de Mortillet, the handled weapons form a second class—the *type moustérien*, called after the cave of Le Moustier, in the Dordogne. Next follow the Solutré flints, with their two styles of chipped lance, dart, and (perhaps) arrow-heads, some in the form of laurel and some in the form of willow leaves. La Madelaine has afforded specimens of the most advanced implements belonging to the Old Stone Age. M. Joly has mentioned M. de Mortillet's classification twice, and twice given the same illustrations of it, but he has never explained clearly the principles upon which it rests. La Madelaine is the cave in which have been found most of those beautiful bone and stone carvings or incised pictures which are probably now pretty familiar to the reader. M. Joly illustrates several of these; though not, to the best of our belief, any which may not be found in other works published in England—in either Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, Sir John Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, Mr. Boyd Dawkins's *Cave Hunting*, Mr. Tylor's *Anthropology*, or Mr. Maskell's work on *Ivory Carving*. These carvings include, beside some which are beautiful as works of art, others which are of great interest from a palæological point of view, such as drawings of the reindeer, of the mammoth, and of prehistoric

man himself. One of the most curious of the drawings known, and one which has, we believe, not been published in England, represents a man about to throw a harpoon at a gigantic aurochs, or Lithuanian bison, which is grazing in front of him. From the attitude of the man he may be supposed to be stalking the beast by crawling along on his belly; but perhaps this appearance is due only to the unskilfulness of the artist, and to his want of space on the bone which he is carving.

After leaving the palæolithic caves we pass on to the Danish peat-mosses, which, though the yield from them has not been great, are interesting as affording one of the best means towards a chronological estimate of the periods to which their human remains belong. Professor Steenstrup calculated that the time required for the formation of some of the peat-mosses under which implements had been found was from ten to twelve thousand years. One calculation for the growth of the Abbeville peat would give an estimate of thirty thousand years. From the peat-mosses we proceed to the kitchen-middens, and thence to the lake-dwellings, about which the reader will find the most important general information which could be given in the space devoted to them. We also have a section devoted to some Stone Age remains which are at present somewhat anomalous, not having as yet been assigned their proper place in the history of prehistoric civilization—we mean those curious stone towers called *nuraghi*, found in such abundance in the island of Sardinia, and brought to notice through the labours of the Abate Spano. This explorer counted as many as forty thousand of them upon the island. That these towers have some relationship to similar structures found in Scotland and Ireland as well as in the Balearic Isles, there can be no doubt, though that relationship has not yet been properly determined. In the kitchen-middens and the lake-dwellings we have a series of remains which may be arranged in a tolerably continuous order, showing a slow but very perceptible advance in civilization on the part of man of the Second Stone Age. The kitchen-middens show man living chiefly upon the shell-fish which abounded on the coast where he made his home, though he supplemented the diet with the flesh of wild animals and birds killed in the chase. He was, it seems probable, possessed at this time of one domestic animal only, the dog. The method, by the way, whereby Professor Steenstrup arrived at this conclusion, ingenious as it certainly was, has impressed M. Joly so much that he twice recounts it at length, and in almost identical words, in different parts of his book. In the lake-dwellings we find man gradually improving his condition, domesticating several animals—in fact, the greater number of those which are now domesticated, the ox, the goat, the sheep, the pig, perhaps also the horse. Moreover, judging from some of their ornaments, it has been supposed by some that the men of this age carried on a commerce by barter with certain peoples of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Scilly Isles, possibly even of the East. They did not live solely by hunting and by fishing as did the men of the kitchen-middens, but cultivated most of our cereals. They had, it would seem, some fruit trees, probably more or less cultivated; they made pottery—by hand, of course, and not upon the wheel; they could weave and spin. Wooden spindles and tissues of linen and bark have been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings. Sewing has, indeed, been known to man from a very early date, as bone needles have been found in caves of the reindeer (Old Stone Age). Some pottery, too, has been found associated with palæolithic remains. But spinning, weaving, and the use of linen show a much greater advance along the road towards civilization, and belong altogether to the Neolithic Age. So does most of the pottery which has been discovered. At length, and without any distinct mark of interruption, the Second Stone Age, as represented in the lake-dwellings, merges into the Age of Bronze, which lies outside the province of our author.

M. Joly devotes separate chapters to the places of burial and burial customs of prehistoric man, and for these chapters is reserved the description of the dolmens. There is some inconvenience in this arrangement, because we have, after leaving the latest of the lake-dwellings, just at the end of the Stone Age, to go back to remains of a period considerably more remote. But there is no doubt a peculiar interest attaching to all that gives us a clue to ancient funeral rites and the beliefs which went along with them. One of the most curious traces of primitive belief which have come down to us is found in the trepanned skulls which have been discovered in several caves and dolmens of France belonging to the earlier portion of the New Stone Age. Dr. Paul Broca has devoted a pamphlet to the description of these trepanned skulls and the discussion of their significance. The fact is certain that a great number of these skulls were trepanned during lifetime, probably in infancy and early youth, and that they healed up again, the subject of the operation surviving it for many years. M. Broca supposes this trepanning to have constituted a sacred rite of some sort. For we find that the skulls of these very persons who had undergone the operation in their lifetime were after death subjected again to the same operation. A number of small discs were cut from them in such a way that each disc contained a portion of the cicatrized edge made by the original trepanning. These discs were used as amulets by living persons. But the skull thus treated was in its turn provided with one of these talismanic discs in place of those which had been cut from itself. From this custom M. Broca has argued a belief in the survival of the dead man, and supposed that the disc was placed with the skull to serve as a kind of viaticum into another world.

In his chapters upon the dolmens and burial-places, M. Joly

takes very slight account of the British barrows. He does, indeed, copy from Sir John Lubbock's illustrations the representations of two vessels which were found in English barrows; but he does not say whence they came, or indeed make any direct mention of them in his text. It must be said, moreover, that English prehistoric archaeologists are all through this book treated with a very unequal amount of notice or neglect, and this is unlucky in a book intended for English readers. Mr. John Evans (called Sir John Evans throughout) comes into prominence in the chapter devoted to the question of the manufacture of stone implements, as, in truth, he could hardly fail to do. Sir John Lubbock, who, truth to tell, is not an especially high authority upon this branch of science, is frequently mentioned, chiefly on account of the illustrations which have been copied from his work. Greenwell's *British Barrows* is, we believe, never once referred to. Mr. Boyd Dawkins is scarcely mentioned; and very little notice is taken of the labours of the fathers of prehistoric archaeology in this country, such as Pengelly and Prestwich. Of the joint authors of the *Reliquie Aquitaines*, while Mr. Edmund Lartet is constantly mentioned, Mr. Christy is left out in the cold.

To some readers the concluding portion of this book, which gives a kind of general picture of primitive civilization, may seem more interesting than the first part, devoted to a history of the discoveries on which the picture is based. It has, however, been in many respects anticipated upon the same lines by Mr. Tylor in his *Anthropology*. We need, too, in reading this part to bear in mind that the writer is a specialist in that branch of prehistoric study which we have distinguished as prehistoric anthropology, and does not profess to have much to say upon the head of language or mythology. What he has to say upon this head is quite fragmentary, and not always correct. For example, we read, "Hebrew is no longer believed to be the most ancient of languages. Sanskrit itself has been dethroned by the *Zend Avesta*, the sacred book of the Magi"—the statement in the latter sentence being singularly at variance with the tendency of recent Zendic criticism. A prominent place is given to Carl Vogt's theory, "that explains the difference in language by the forms of the skull"; while the name of Geiger is never once mentioned. In fact, the origin of language, and still less its morphology, scarcely come within the province of the naturalist at all. Certain female figures found in the caves of Champagne, and bearing a considerable resemblance to the so-called "Glaukôpis Athene" vases of Schliemann, are referred to a worship of the dead, without a single fact being suggested which should connect this worship (supposing they represent a worship at all) with the dead more than with anything else. The argument the author uses is apparently this:—"If it be true, as Herbert Spencer supposes, that the worship of ancestors and the dead is the first origin of all religions," then these figures, supposing them to be connected, as they probably are, with some religious rites, are a form of worship of the dead. Therefore he classes them under the heading "Worship of the Dead." Mistakes such as these are, however, only incidental, and constitute no serious detractor from the merits of M. Joly's book, which can be recommended as a very complete summary of the achievements of prehistoric archaeology during the last half-century.

CRAIK'S LIFE OF SWIFT.*

THERE are certain writers against whom posterity, while on the whole ranking them more or less highly, has constantly manifested a disposition to make what is called a "dead set," and of these Jonathan Swift is beyond all question the chief. The catalogue of Swift's literary enemies, if it were drawn up, would include some of the most apparently remarkable inconsistencies, and would offer to a classifier some of the most curious difficulties, to be found in or suggested by any list of the kind. It cannot be merely political animosity which sets men against him, for his foes include Johnson and De Quincey, both of them staunch Tories. It is not religious orthodoxy, for such latitudinarians, to say no more, as Jeffrey and Macaulay figure among them. It is not mere incapacity to understand humour, for Thackeray, highly as he ranks Swift in some ways, is among the bitterest, if not the most unfair, of his assailants in others. But the fact is that Swift by his very nature was given to what the late Professor de Morgan called "assaulting-and-battering"; and those who cannot forgive a man who assaults and batteries any part of their private edifices of beliefs, sentiments, and crotchets, who look out for points of disagreement rather than agreement, cannot get on with him. De Quincey could not forgive Swift for wilfully writing the simplest of simple prose; Johnson could not forgive the *Tale of a Tub*; Macaulay and Jeffrey could not forgive the magnificent polemical power which smashed and scattered all contemporary argument on their own political side; Thackeray, despite his admiration for Swift's literary ability, could not forgive his ruthless misanthropy. Even to come to comparative defenders, we have just seen so fair and unprejudiced a judge as Mr. Leslie Stephen shaking his head over the exaggeration of the *Draper's Letters*, and lifting the eyebrow of wonder over the childishness of the *Polite Conversation*. So the very variety and strikingness of Swift's talents have wrought him woe. It is true that even since Mr. Leslie Stephen an astonishing writer in the press, who, perhaps not unreasonably, did not give his name, has gone beyond any of these enemies in asking us whether, putting aside

Swift's humour and his *seva indignatio*, there was really much in him; while as for the *seva indignatio*, had he any particular business to be indignant? Ever since the appearance of these questions we have been waiting to see somebody ask whether, if you took Shakspeare's poetry away, there was much in him, and if it was not rather unpractical of Petrarch to go on writing those exaggerated sonnets about Laura?

This peculiarity, however, of the general attitude towards Swift, this curious consensus of depreciation, would of itself point to the sort of biographer to whose lot Swift ought to fall, even without the additional fact of the strange and much-contested problems of his life. A very intense admiration of Swift's humour, a very deep sympathy with his impatience of the folly and the meanness of human character and conduct, must always and necessarily subject the commentator to the same disadvantages as his subject. The mass of mankind never can thoroughly enjoy Swift or the Swiftian differentia. On the other hand, it is of course desirable that the biographer should be in sympathy with his hero and his hero's genius to a considerable extent. It is, moreover, absolutely necessary that he should be a man of clear and sober judgment, not prone to be carried away by hunting after the trifles of anecdotal biography, or the less than trifles of that biographic pedantry whose chief triumph is to find out that such and such a thing happened not on such a day of such a month, but on such another day of such another month, and yet minute enough neither to overlook nor to accept unverified the evidence on points of real importance. Such a biographer we can honestly pronounce Swift to have at last found in Mr. Craik. We do not say that, if we ourselves had been writing a Life of Swift, we should have proceeded on exactly the same plan, but that is a consideration which, though few critics appear to be aware of it, is nearly irrelevant in criticism properly so called. But that Mr. Craik's is a good and sufficient plan, that it is excellently carried out, and that it supplies a Life of Swift which, as distinguished from a criticism of his works, will, except in the extremely improbable event of entirely new information turning up, not require to be rewritten for a very long space of time, we can declare unhesitatingly. The book is not remarkable for style, though it is in that respect not open to any grave reproach. But for careful examination and judicial handling of matters complicated in themselves, and complicated still more by a century and a half of speculation and gossip, it is a book of very unusual merit.

We have noted a few slips, for the most part in matters lying off the main subject, which Mr. Craik will do well to correct in a future edition. For instance, following an old and often repeated blunder, he speaks of the Drydens as a "Huntingdonshire" family. It should, of course, be Northamptonshire. It is odd to speak of Swift "beginning the study of the new school of French literature so early as" 1685. What was the new school of French literature in 1685? Analysing the list of books given by Swift as read by him in 1696-97, Mr. Craik speaks of "a crowd of romances of the type of 'Prince Arthur.'" We cannot see the crowd of romances, and "Prince Arthur" is evidently not a "romance" at all in the ordinary sense, but Blackmore's precious poem published the year before. There is not the slightest ground for speaking of the celebrated "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," as "Dryden's sneering judgment." Sneering was no fault of Dryden's, and his uniform kindness to young writers is an established fact. He did not, it is true, praise them with the indiscriminate and fatal good-nature which some kings of letters have shown. But that he should have sneered at a young aspirant who was his own relation is utterly unlikely, and not alleged by any one. To speak of the author of *The Relapse*, *The Confederacy*, and *The Provoked Wife* as having "gained his dramatic reputation by facile adaptations from the French" is so extraordinary that we can only suppose that Mr. Craik's copy of Vanbrugh is imperfect, and contains only those imitations of Boursault which most people have now forgotten. These, however, are small matters, which can be easily altered or omitted hereafter. We can less easily pardon Mr. Craik for having adopted the current exaggeration of the day as to the ill-treatment of Ireland by England. But it is difficult for a man to clear his mind of cant wholly, and Mr. Craik seems to have allowed that maleficent power, of which, in his only attempt at eloquence, he asks, "Who can place bounds to its dominion?" this last corner of his own mental province. He has, he tells us, founded his ideas on great numbers of contemporary pamphlets. It is well; but we can assure Mr. Craik that if he will read the *Opposition*, and especially the Jacobite pamphlets of the same period in England, he will find nearly as dreadful a picture drawn of the state of the ruling island.

This, however, is contentious matter which only remotely touches the general merit of Mr. Craik's book. We have before now taken occasion to suggest that Swift's attitude on Irish questions was as purely a polemical attitude—that it was as wholly determined by the simple fact that Ireland was governed by Walpole, his enemy, and still more the enemy of his friends—as his attitude in the *Battle of the Books* itself. On all other points, however, we have little but agreement with and nothing but admiration for Mr. Craik. He has had the advantage of all Forster's material and of some that Forster had not, and he has used it with excellent judgment and effect. Relinquishing actual controversy for the most part to appendices, he has in his text given a continuous, clear, and consistent account of the events of Swift's life. A minor, though a very interesting piece of information, which, if we mistake not, appears for the first time here, is the identification of the French original (as far as it is the original) of the *Battle of*

* *Life of Swift*. By Henry Craik. London: John Murray. 1882.

the Books with the work, not of Coutray, as everybody has with touching persistence repeated for nearly a century, but of Callières. In the appendices especial notice is due to the interesting summary of the evidence for the *Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, to the discussion of the marriage, to the bibliographic note on editions of *Gulliver*, and to much matter extracted from the as yet unpublished diaries lately in Forster's possession, and the letters now in Lord Cork's.

On almost all contested points in Swift's life Mr. Craik is on what may be called the conservative and affirmative side. He has no doubt of the authenticity not merely of the *Tale of a Tub*, but of the *Four Last Years*; he is certain of the marriage; he believes in the reported proceedings of Vanessa just before her death. He is only sceptical of Swift's refusal when asked to own the marriage, and here we are inclined for once, and almost for this once only, to think more hardly of the Dean than he does. The case is indeed somewhat peculiar. Delany says that in 1722 Swift offered acknowledgment, and Stella refused. Sheridan says (no doubt with some improbable additions) that just before her death Stella begged for acknowledgment and Swift refused it. Theophilus Swift, citing Mrs. Whiteway, says that again before her death Swift made the offer, and Stella said, "It is too late." Mr. Craik attaches weight to the first story, none to the others. But why should they not be all true in fact, if not in exact circumstance? That does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Craik. It is not so very wonderful that at the last Swift should have first refused, then relented, and then have been met with the words "It is too late." No doubt Sheridan says that Swift, after (not refusing, but) making no reply, "walked out of the room and never saw her again." But that is exactly where he may have been mistaken. For only Sheridan the elder is said to have been present on this occasion, while only Mrs. Whiteway is said to have been present on the other. Unless, therefore, these two persons could be confronted and made to prove incompatibilities of days and hours, there is nothing to be said against the possible truth of both stories, while neither excludes the truth of Delany's.

It is, however, impossible to argue points of this kind in a review; and it is, indeed, one of the main merits of Mr. Craik's book that he himself abstains as much as possible from arguing them, and contents himself with supplying the reader with facts and conclusions. His general handling of Swift's character and mental attitude, the appreciation of which by a biographer must necessarily colour his whole book, is singularly fair and unbiassed either by personal or political considerations. There are many detached points in the volume to which we should like to draw attention, but which may be left to the reader. In dealing with the *Tale of a Tub* he does good service by pointing out that the proportion of theological matter has been very much exaggerated. But we cannot agree with him that the Peter Martin and Jack episode is "the poorest part of the whole," and we do not think that he has made quite as strong a defence for Swift against the charge of insincerity as might be made. The fact is that, as in a mediæval satire, the very boldness of the way in which sacred things are handled is the best proof of the writer's belief in their sacredness. Take away an unquestioning Anglican orthodoxy, and the satire of Peter and Jack does indeed become poor. It is from the writer's orthodox point of view that it is so cutting. Here again we are digressing, as it is almost impossible not to do. It is better to end at once by heartily recommending an admirable specimen of biography, admirable at once in its contempt of mere anecdote and of trivial details, in its freedom from the negative and sceptical character of much modern history and biography; and last, not least, in its hearty defence of a great Englishman.

MACGREGOR'S BALUCHISTAN.*

THIS book is hardly equal in interest to Mr. Floyer's *Unexplored Baluchistan* or to General Macgregor's own work on the Persian province of Khorassan. But it is valuable as a record of the pluck and endurance of two officers of the Indian army, and as a survey of very unattractive and unfamiliar lands. The author had as his companion the late Captain Lockwood of the 3rd Regiment of Punjab cavalry; or, to speak more correctly, the two explorers started together, separated, rejoined, and then separated again, to meet only on the frontiers of Sind. Fatigue and exposure and bad food shortened Captain Lockwood's life. General Macgregor has expanded his own notes and diary into the volume before us, and he has thought it necessary to publish the results of the separate tours of his companion. This rather detracts from the merit of the book, for these latter chapters are little else than dry, unvarying records about the road and its difficulties. Here the track goes over sandhills; there it is stony; there is brackish water in one place, and scanty grazing for camels in another, and so on. Then we look in vain for an index or a summary of chapters, and the map is imperfect and perplexing. A note tells us that the routes of the two explorers "are shown in red." We presume that the draughtsman forgot to comply with this injunction, for every route is in black, and the most patient reader will be harassed by a series of dark parallel and zigzag lines, showing where the two

companions parted, where they rejoined, what boundary is laid down in somebody's map of Turkestan, what line was taken by Pottinger in 1840, and what is believed to be correct by General Macgregor himself. These latter defects are suggestive of haste in publication. The narrative is further illustrated by a number of lithographed sketches. We have learnt from a recent celebrated trial how to discriminate between what is real and natural and what is artistic, and we should decidedly say that the sketches of defiles, sandhills, the beds of torrents, hideous plains dotted with boulders, and tamarisk shrubs with "frizzled hair implicit," evince a strict fidelity to nature. In artistic grace and finish they are utterly deficient. But they enable the reader to apprehend the true character of a tract which, the author serves to remind us, has remained stationary from the days of Alexander and Nearchus. The exploration of such a country by a man acquainted with the Oriental character and the Persian language must contain views of human nature, incidents of travel, and adventures not unattended with danger and not to be met with in Palestine or Egypt. The author hurried down the Danube to Rutschuk, by rail to Varna, by steamer to Constantinople, across the Black Sea to Trebizond, through Armenia to the Tigris, and thence by Bushrah, Bushire, and the Persian Gulf, to Gwadar. Here the real interest of the journey began. Gwadar itself is a town containing five thousand inhabitants, who live chiefly by fishing, though they do carry on some trade with the interior. It is built on a sandy isthmus, and has a telegraph office and a Residency, the latter edifice about as imposing in appearance as the Dawk Bungalow at a head station in India, or the abode of a Deputy Magistrate at a subdivision. However, good water is obtainable at Gwadar, and a steamer calls once a month. As Mrs. Major Hominy said of another place in the backwoods that "it whips Eden," Gwadar has twenty times the population and importance of any other place in Mekran. Captain Lockwood from this place explored the mouth of the Dasht river, and found it to be navigable at the highest tides only for some ten or twelve miles. We here note a discrepancy between the map and the narrative. General Macgregor says that navigation ends three and a half miles below Surian Jump. In the map this queer name becomes Surian Jack. In the writings of a gentleman who characterizes one of his predecessor's maps as "particularly aggravating," these little discrepancies should not have passed undetected. Some mud volcanoes are peculiar to this part of the coast. The edges of the crater were dry and hard, but in the centre liquid mud was bubbling up "with a faint sound." It is thought that this volcanic action is partly affected by the high tides of the Indian Ocean.

A good deal of the interest of travels of this sort depends on the personal experiences and habits of the writer, and his way of dealing with the natives. General Macgregor appears to have that fortunate disposition which, if often ruffled by trifles, is quite equal to real trials and emergencies. He tells us that he was much vexed by the loss of his shaving-brush in the desert, and that he recovered a pair of lost spurs with great joy, but it would surely be the best plan on such a journey to let beard and moustaches grow, as a protection against the sun and the wind which blows hot and cold by turns. Wearisome and dry and sandy as Mekran is, every now and then a depression is turned into a vast lake, or a torrent comes roaring down the pass and threatens to sweep away the whole encampment if the traveller has been so ill-advised as to pitch his tents in the bed of a river. As a contrast, the want of water was a most serious evil. Rarely was it sweet; generally it was salt or bitter; and sometimes it was absolutely fetid, though we do not make out that this was caused by animal or vegetable decomposition. The classification in Baluchi, which is very similar to Persian, is *shirin*, sweet; *wash*, good; *waragi*, drinkable; and *talkh*, bitter. We do not wonder that the author was every now and then prostrated by fever and ague, and had to lie down in the shade, cover himself with blankets and *rizais*, and let nature and quinine fight it out with the disease. This fever never seems to have been of the typhoid type, but to have resembled the lighter forms of Indian jungle fever. These and other inconveniences of the way were somewhat mitigated by the services of a "first-rate cook," of whose nationality and culinary experiences very little is said. The other servants and attendants, with some notable exceptions, behaved well. A Christian picked up at Baghdad was a man of splendid physique and a real treasure. A Mahomedan, Mula Abdul Rahim, proved to be "willing, intelligent, and reliable." An old Nur Mahomed was also trustworthy but rather covetous, and, having taken an active part in divers raids and forays, was troubled with scruples and compunctions about visiting certain parts of the country in which he might meet with retaliation. But two brothers, Mahmud and Gholam Russul, the latter name signifying "the Slave of the Prophet," were specimens of all that was "bad in Baluch nature." Their conduct was marked by such greed, insolence, and dishonesty, that General Macgregor withheld from them nearly all extras in the shape of presents of guns, and had to stop their threats and vapourings by drawing out his revolver. We should say from the narrative that the author was never in much danger from these bullies, and that he knew their character thoroughly well. After all, the worthy pair could not have been much wronged, as they received three hundred and sixty rupees in hard cash, one gun, and six camels, besides other trifles. This episode occurred after an attempt to reach Zirrah in the worst part of the desert, and at this point a very serious responsibility was undertaken. The guide, who had sworn he could reach Zirrah blindfold, forgot all about the road, or in reality never knew it. A tract of fifty or sixty

* *Wanderings in Baluchistan*. By Major-General Sir C. M. Macgregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., Bengal Staff Corps, Quartermaster-General in India, Author of "Narrative of a Journey through the Province of Khorassan." London: Allen & Co.

miles had to be traversed without water, except what could be carried along with the party, and, to make matters worse, some of the camels bolted in the night. Even the sagacity and coolness of old Nur Mahommed was at fault. However, the explorers reached at last certain ruins named Gumbaz-i-Shah, or the "Dome of the King"; and if we can admire and praise their determination, we hardly think that the risk run of dying from thirst was compensated by much valuable geographical or political discovery. On the return from this uninviting place supplies ran very short. Dates, excellent of their kind, had come to an end, and breakfast and dinner consisted of a few *chupatties*, or thin cakes of flour. Some of the camels gave in, and Captain Lockwood's horse had to be shot, as the poor animal could go no further.

After this, the return journey was not marked by any serious mishap or adventure. A chief named Sarfaraz Khan, head of the Sanjaranis, who lived at a place called Chageh, was an important personage, and his son paid a visit to General Macgregor. Here he got into the country of the Brahui, who, as he states correctly, speak a totally different language from the Baluchis. Pottinger thought them Tartars originally, while Latham and Caldwell connect the dialect with the Dravidian class. In Mr. R. N. Cust's *Modern Languages of the East Indies* we find that Brahui is placed provisionally in the Indic branches of the Aryan family, as distinct from the Iranic branch. There is no Brahui literature, nor even an alphabet; and a translation into Brahui of a portion of Indian history, by an officer of the Indian army, has been printed in the Arabic character at Kurrachi, in Sind. The Khan of Kelat himself is a Brahui; but Baluchi is the State language, and the nobles at Kelat speak both languages, just as an Afghan, Khan or Mir, speaks Persian and Pushtoo. Baluchi, whatever be its origin or classification, is very like Persian; and General Macgregor had apparently little difficulty in getting at the purport of a Baluchi conversation, especially when one of the speakers informed the other that a Sahib always asked and wrote down the names of every hill and every ravine, and that ranges might be called anything, as any one name was as good as another. Some odd characters turned up in the desert. A Hindu Guna, or spiritual teacher, in the earlier chapters, had been going about for thirty years, and seemed to know every place between the Oxus and the sea. Later on, one Umid Ali, a Mussulman, stated that he had left Delhi some twenty years before—a date which seems to us, as it did to the author, to suggest a suspicion that he found it convenient to leave his native land soon after the Mutiny. We apprehend that a good many of the rebels of that day, who had done deeds putting them out of the amnesty, may still be found scattered about in Afghanistan and parts of Central Asia. Not the least remarkable part of this narrative is the description of the wild freaks of the clay and the sandhills when acted on by water or a strong wind. Some ridges of clay are worn by the action of water into mushroom-like shapes; other places are swept perfectly bare. In others the sand is lifted up into crescents as high as sixty feet; a fact which the author explains by supposing that a bush or some other obstruction had caught and caused the sand to accumulate gradually, as snow in England does round a hedge or a dyke. This explanation we think much more plausible than that given for certain terraces, called locally *ghor-bastas*. Sir C. Macgregor thinks they were the sites of dwellings of cultivators in the plains below, and not strips of cultivation. It seems more consistent with the experience of many other places, that the sides of hills should be banked up for rice or other crops, water being brought up by hand or by a simple mechanical contrivance from a river which, we are told, flows just below the hill. General Macgregor in his wanderings seems never to have lost an opportunity of having a bathe or swim wherever pure water was met with; and his activity, endurance, intelligence, and knowledge of the native character, serenity under difficulties, and determination to surmount obstacles, invest his travels with more of interest than perhaps the country and its inhabitants deserve. It is hopeless to talk of developing or improving such a tract, but it might be as well if some diplomatic opportunity were taken to settle more definitely the boundaries of Persia and Baluchistan. A supplement or appendix leads to the conclusion that Sir F. Goldsmid's line of frontier has been wilfully disregarded by Persia, and that Azad Khan has a right to the little district of Kuhak, while Sarfaraz Khan, of whom mention has been made above, is really the ruler of Chageh and not tributary at all to Afghanistan. If he owes allegiance, it is to the Khan of Kelat. The time may soon come when English diplomacy will have to choose between one of three courses, to state clearly which of the three it adopts, and to stand firm against explanations which explain nothing and leave the disputed matter precisely where it was.

JAHN'S LIFE OF MOZART.*

THE story of Mozart's life is so full of marvels that it would seem utterly superfluous to embellish it apocryphally for the purposes of effect. Things which would be incredible unless they were attested by the very strongest and most incontrovertible evidence are sufficiently interesting, as a rule, without being improved upon; but such is the perversity of human imagination

that most of the popular stories about Mozart are misstatements of the truth, and misleading as well, and most of the genuine marvels are either unknown or misunderstood by all but careful students of the history of art. This is the more serious in the present day because the current of public musical taste is inclined to set in a direction away from the music of the period which lies between Bach and Handel, on the one hand, and Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert, on the other; and consequently many fairly cultivated and intelligent people know little that impresses them about Mozart but what is of doubtful authenticity; for of his music they often really know nothing at all, so far as realizing it for themselves is concerned. It is not necessary to enter minutely into the reasons of this falling away; but a few of them lie obviously on the surface. First and foremost is the fact that fresh sensations tend to extinguish those of old standing; and the style of composition which has most lately come to be understood by the public temporarily throws into the shade those styles which had previously been familiar. The works of great composers are generally appreciated about a generation or two after they are dead; sometimes not till later. Mozart was duly scoffed at in his lifetime for his extravagance and wilful search after effect. When he was dead, everybody who had any musical sense learnt to delight in him. Then it was Beethoven's turn to be abused and ridiculed; but within the last decade or two he also has drawn near to being generally appreciated, and in consequence it is Mozart's turn to be neglected. For the time being, men who are under the influence of Beethoven and his followers feel the points that are formal and conventional in the music of the epoch which preceded him so strongly that, as long as that mood is upon them, they are not capable of being properly impressed by the real beauties of Mozart's work or that of his contemporaries. They are made too conscious of the form to be free to enter into the spirit. The barren invectives of professional critics who are out of humour with the present, and too often use Mozart as their stalking-horse, do not mend matters at all, but rather the reverse; for their manifest lack of perception, even where their favourite composers are concerned, and the talent they show for emphasizing the wrong points in all cases, tend rather to make their readers run away in the wrong direction than to conciliate them. There are other causes too, but these are sufficient for the present to account for the fact that a younger generation, gifted with remarkable musical vitality, is growing up in very scanty sympathy with a great epoch in musical history. Under such circumstances a work which brings his life and the genuine characteristics of his achievements within the domain of history, and chronicles the facts with unmistakable clearness, is singularly opportune; and when it happens also to be done with the thoroughness and patience which characterize Herr Otto Jahn's book throughout, the result is marked as one of the most important works of its kind ever yet produced. The first version of this work appeared in Germany about twenty-six years ago, and though its method was not altogether satisfactory, the value of its substance was soon recognized. About ten years later it was almost entirely recast, with additions as well as curtailments, and very great improvements in the general design and composition of the whole, and this version has lately been brought before the English public in an edition which appears to be in every way worthy of the original.

No one will be likely to find fault with the work for want of thoroughness. In fact, it is so uncompromising that many parts are quite unfit for the average laity to cope with. The style is good, and the English translation quite agreeable enough for any one to read; but inasmuch as Mozart's lifetime was very short, and the greater part of it was occupied in the labours of composing and putting down the compositions on paper, the careful analysis of the work done must necessarily occupy much more space than stories about the worker. There are, indeed, a fair number of anecdotes, and the writer even shows himself to take a genial interest in them, to the extent of running at times very near to extreme improbability; but he rightly regards such matter as of secondary importance, and the space occupied by biographical matter is therefore proportionately very small. It is sufficient, however, to put some of the vulgarest versions of the stories in their proper light, and to expose the pernicious fallacies with which youthful aspirants after rapid and easily-won successes are wont to deceive themselves. Such things are not without their value. But of very much greater importance is the application of historical method to the works themselves, and the elaborate and ingenious analysis of all the most notable masterpieces, and also of not a few things which are unknown and unattainable to the public. The writer traces in the most careful manner the youthful development of the composer's genius under the guidance of his father, Leopold Mozart, and shows how much the world owes to the patience and practical wisdom of that curious old character. There is an interesting analogy in this respect between his early years and those of Liszt, who also worked and travelled and made his earliest appearances in public under the immediate supervision of his father; but Mozart had the advantage of greater completeness in technical knowledge, and more practical experience, both of music and musicians, in his father; and these things were really of supreme importance to him. But the extraordinary difference between the resulting products of the two musicians in later years is not to be traced to these circumstances alone, nor solely to positive difference in the quality and amount of musical gift, but also to the tastes of the audiences which they were respectively called upon to meet, both in the time of their development and their maturity. They both

* *The Life of Mozart*. By Otto Jahn. Translated by Pauline D. Townsend. London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.

took the world by storm when they were young; but the taste of the big public which Liszt was called upon to face was much less discreet and fastidious than the taste of the royal and aristocratic amateurs with whom Mozart had principally to deal. They both had a strong sympathetic tendency to adapt themselves to their audience. In Mozart's case this is specially important, as he consciously went to work to adopt the favourite style of the people he addressed himself to. At one time he set himself to develop a French style for Parisians, and even marked the beginning of a great symphony with a trifling detail which they had a fancy for; at another time he cultivated an Italian style for the amateurs of the Italian opera; and at another a light style, such as was loved by Southern Germans and one Prussian potentate. Under the influence of an aristocratic patron he imitated the solid style of Handel, and at yet other times he adapted himself as readily to other conditions. All these things had some influence upon his style, generally with satisfactory results; it was a more serious matter that he so easily submitted himself to the crude conventionalities of the Italian opera of his day, in the shape of bravura airs and similar offences; but he does appear to have grown conscious that he was condescending in so doing, and by degrees got rid at least of the predominance of such emptinesses; though not so soon but that the perfect spontaneity of some of his finest works is occasionally marred by them.

For the history of art as well as for his personal honour it is of the highest importance to understand how such things came to be. People may often be turned aside from giving fair consideration to a work of art by coming across some trait which jars upon their special susceptibilities; but they may as often be persuaded to more patience by having the source and inevitable circumstances of such traits explained to them. The connexion of artists or composers with what went before them requires to be clearly understood, as well as, or more than, the circumstances of their lives. They must all alike build upon what they know, and those do best who have the wisdom and the gift to build upon the best that was done before them. Mozart studied the works of his predecessors and contemporaries with constant assiduity, but the models were sometimes positively misleading, as, for instance, was the case with the ecclesiastical music which he followed in his early days. Later he came under the nobler influences of Handel and Bach, and this made a very great difference in the result. In instrumental music he had fine and consistent traditions to follow. The sonata forms had been carefully and steadily perfected by his predecessors in several generations, and he enjoyed the happiest advantages in having something definite to aim at in working, as well as a marvellous instinct for form and an unlimited supply of melody. In operatic matters it was otherwise. The state of the opera in his day was utterly chaotic. Fixed principles of a high order were practically non-existent. Italian opera was degraded by various frivolities of taste and by narrow formalism. Gluck's reforms still remained almost isolated. German opera was yet in embryo. Several attempts had been made to establish a national product, but many distinguished amateurs and patrons of art looked upon it as an impossibility, and certainly the examples produced before and in his time were not conspicuous for qualities of solid promise. His own desire to develop a national opera was keen, but his opportunities were against him; and only twice—in the *Entführung* and *Zauberflöte*—was he allowed to show what he could do on a grand scale with a really German work. In his other great operas he had to adapt himself to Italian librettos, and to Italian manners as well, but it may be fairly said that no one ever did so much with unfavourable conditions. In order to make this clear, Herr Jahn has devoted what may seem almost disproportionate space to minute analysis of his great operas, character by character and scene by scene. He sometimes appears to be trying to put a little more into the music than really is there, but at all events he is in the right direction, and points out what might ideally be looked for even when it is absent. The wonder is that Mozart in so short a life, and with such limited experiences, should have developed so profound and comprehensive an insight into human circumstances and human emotion. The art of characterization attained in his hands a clearness and consistency which had never been dreamed of before, and has not been surpassed since, and it has never been better or more fully described than in Herr Jahn's work. Its importance really justifies all the attention he has given it, for it ought to be part of every musician's education to study it thoroughly, and hitherto it has been lamentably neglected—partly, no doubt, for lack of a text-book.

The difficulties of working out at once the distinct lines of biography and analysis of compositions are obvious, and it need not be pretended that they have been entirely mastered. German literary talents do not generally lie specially in the direction of ordering and laying out the materials of a large work for the best convenience and comfort of the reader. The writer in the present case seems to have preferred completeness to either conciseness or attractiveness; but his work is nevertheless superior to other similar works in the latter respect, and the total impression of the biographical part is strong, and the human side of Mozart and the characteristic circumstances of his life, from the prosperous beginning to the bitter end, come out clearly and consecutively. It is, of course, a very sad story. The brilliancy of the early successes seems to throw into stronger relief the disappointments and poverty of the maturer years. And, though some of the privations and misfortunes were partly the result of Mozart's own impractical nature, this does not altogether annul the sense of shame

and bitterness at the neglect and indignity suffered by one of the most wonderful men who ever lived. The race of work throughout was incessant; and absorption in it, together with vivacity of spirits, may have saved him from the bitter distresses which men cursed with morbid egotism, and with spare time to let it develop, have been known to suffer in similar circumstances. It was, however, a drawback that so much of the work was done hastily to order for pupils and patrons; for both the haste and the object of the work in many cases affected the quality to a certain extent. But his gifts were so supreme that even in trifles there are things better conceived and better executed than in any of his contemporaries' works except Haydn's; while in works such as his greatest Symphonies, and the finest quartettes, and the parts of his operas in which he gave himself free rein and put his whole soul, he showed himself such a master as the world is not likely to see surpassed in his own line.

To do justice to him as Herr Jahn has done is really a noble achievement, and it is no small honour to bring the work worthily before the English public. In fact, the English edition has some advantages over the German. It has a good index, and a preface by the most genial and sympathetic English writer on music. It is also got up in so liberal a manner as to be a positive pleasure to look upon.

IN THE LAND OF MISFORTUNE.*

A BOOK in a green cover about the Land of Misfortune, by Lady Florence Dixie, might be expected to deal with an island famous, as Thackeray says, "for its verdure and its wrongs." But an elegant study of a black man, under a black and white umbrella, decorates the cover of Lady Florence's book, and shows that we are to be instructed about South Africa. A land of misfortune, and still more of mismanagement, has South Africa been. No one can read with pleasure about either Zululand or the Transvaal, but both subjects cannot be dismissed as a bore. Every effort is being made to turn Zululand into an African Ireland. As to the Boers, the Maritzburg Correspondent of the *Daily News* keeps accusing us of "slander" and "intrigues" in that country. What the intrigues and what the slanders may be we are not informed; but we are assured that, if we do not behave better, we shall soon have to fight for South Africa with the Dutch inhabitants. If we do, we suppose we are not likely to send a scratch force of three hundred men, chosen out of all sorts of regiments, to climb hills whence the enemy is invisible, and to wait for events. If we have to fight the Dutch again, it is to be hoped the job will be done in earnest, and once for all.

Lady Florence Dixie left England (she does not give the date) shortly after the affair of Laing's Nek. She was to be War Correspondent of the *Morning Post* (a situation rarely filled by a woman), and she intended to busy herself in a more feminine way by nursing the wounded. She reached Cape Town when the armistice after Majuba had just been prolonged, and Lady Florence of course expected to reach the front in time for fighting. "Strange sport for ladies," and, so far, it is perhaps not to be regretted that when she reached Estcourt Lady Florence heard of the Peace of O'Neill's Farm. Every one was, of course, immensely disgusted, and violent language was freely uttered on every side. It is difficult to say whether peace or war with the Boers was the more repulsive choice. Lady Florence, an intense lover of justice, the friend of injured Ireland and of Cete-wayo, does not seem to have had any sympathy with the Boers and with their struggle for freedom. Yet we had about as much business in the one *galère* as in the other, in the Transvaal as in Zululand; and the Boers were not less courageous opponents than the Zulus. If we had made peace with Cete-wayo after Isandhlana, probably Lady Florence would not have sympathized so keenly with the King who is now "come to his own again," more or less.

Lady Florence Dixie's is a wandering kind of book; and a criticism of it can hardly but be desultory. She has more to say about trivial mishaps of travel, about horses (who have in her a devoted friend and advocate), about sport and scenery, than about the rights and wrongs of the Boers and the conduct of our miserable campaign. The first sign of war she met worth noticing was a string of ambulances full of wounded men. "The greater part of the men wore their left arms in slings, a curious incident, illustrative of the unerring aim of the Boers." Perhaps these men had been hit when themselves in the act of firing, which naturally throws the left arm in front of the body. "By the recent act of the Government all this suffering had, indeed, been borne in vain." Soon the party had their first view of Majuba. "Amidst the many fantastically-shaped mountains, one strangely-formed, square-topped hill arose, to which the eye was often turned with lingering pain and mourning." The pain and mourning soon gave place to the high spirits caused by a morning ride in fine weather. Indeed, despite our humiliation, there was plenty of chaff and champagne, and one grand military race-meeting in the camp. Lady Florence first visited the scene of the affair of the Ingogo. Our men, it will be remembered, were led across a flooded river, some miles from camp; were exposed all day to the deadly fire of the Boers; and were taken back again,

* *In the Land of Misfortune.* By Lady Florence Dixie. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.

under the friendly cover of night. Lieutenant Wilkinson was drowned in fording the Ingogo, with comforts for the wounded whom we left on the field. Vultures and crows were still gathered there when Lady Florence visited the scene. Why our men were led "where they were peppered," and what military end was to be served, Lady Florence does not attempt to divine. She and her party afterwards climbed Majuba—not by the side which our men scaled at night, but up the comparatively easy slopes on which the main body of attacking Boers advanced. Up this side, as we happen to know, a pony may be ridden without difficulty. Lady Florence walked up and says, "I do not remember to have paused once to take breath, nor did I feel more blown upon reaching the summit than a breath of fresh air could dispel." The common impression that the Boers charged "up a perpendicular hill" is entirely mistaken. We do not wish to detract from the valour of their feat, and the sound generalship they displayed. But, as Lady Florence herself observed when she reached the summit, our men were far too few to hold the extended lines which they had to cover. "I walked round the line occupied by the 92nd; it appeared to be a very large one, the defence of the brow assigned to them extending from a south-westerly position to west, and from west to north. They must decidedly have had their hands full, inasmuch as from this it will be seen that the defence of three parts of the mountain fell to their share." About thirty men of the 92nd, with Lieutenant Hamilton and Captain Maude (who, we believe, fell there), occupied a small spur, some fifty or sixty yards below the crest of the hill. Lady Florence Dixie says that the rocks and the nature of the ground "enabled the attacking party to advance almost unperceived by those above, to whom they must have presented a somewhat similar appearance to rabbits among rocks and ferns—no sooner seen than lost sight of—mere snap-shots not practicable with a rifle." But the advanced post of the 92nd saw even less than this of their foes. They first fired a few shots at Boers about one thousand yards distant, and scarcely saw them again, till the Boers poured a heavy fire from a wood which afforded excellent cover. Between this wood and the next piece of ground, where the slope of the hill made them quite invisible, was an open stretch of some thirty or forty yards of ground, which the assailants had to cross. The Boers' plan was to open a severe fire from the wood on the English forces who commanded the clear space, and under cover of this fire the Boers rushed across, twenty or thirty men at a time. The officer commanding the advanced post of the 92nd calculated that some six hundred Boers had reached the safe slopes where they were invisible, and more than once reported the fact to Sir George Colley. Our men were eager for a charge, but the order was not given; the attacking Boers, who had long been invisible, suddenly swarmed over the edge of the hill in great force, firing at twenty paces. Among outnumbered men, chosen from three or four different corps, there was no notable centre or authority, and our soldiers broke and fled. This we believe to be a true account of the defeat at Majuba. So accurate was the Boers' fire that, as Lady Florence observed, "one stone in particular, about half the size of a man's body, was seared and scarred with bullet marks, and presented a strange appearance." Behind stones like this our men lay foreshortened and exposed, of course, to a terrible fire, if they moved to get ammunition, or carry a report to the crest of the hill.

Majuba is a more interesting topic than "The South African Grand Military" races. Lady Florence accompanied the troops in their very triumphant march to Potchefstroom, the town which stood so long a siege. The Boers, it will be remembered, kept two guns, which they had obtained by prolonging the siege after they heard of the end of the war. These guns were to be returned; and Lady Florence heard that, if they had not been surrendered at Standerton, our troops would have fallen back upon and seized Laing's Nek. "These were the instructions contained in sealed orders, and would have been rigidly adhered to, for there was not a soldier who did not desire to be 'up and at them' once more." That our soldiers might shoot better is proved by the difficulty which the regimental butcher felt in shooting an ox for the regimental dinner. About their own dinners the Boers are not particular, and their commissariat is much like that of the Johnstons and Jardines and Armstrongs in old days on the Border:—

Several boys were busily engaged in preparing a supply of food. It consisted of long strips of raw meat, cut from the most fleshy parts of the trek-ox, and attached to a line of string, which encircled the camp altogether. At a distance of a few inches apart hung these long, thin strips, presenting the appearance of so many serpents or skinned eels. They are left so suspended until the hot sun has dried them up to a hard shrivelled substance, when they are decanted in an eatable state, and, under the name of biltong, constitute the principal food of the Boers. On this they thrive, and in time of war find it especially adapted to their requirements. It is light and easy to carry; few waggons corresponding to the commissariat of our army are wanted; it requires no cooking, so that fires, if undesirable, can be dispensed with; and on this the Boer can live contentedly and flourish, retaining his health and his strength in no way impaired. Such were our foes.

Our entry of Potchefstroom was not triumphant. The English had fought for themselves there, and were now handed over to the Boers. Mr. Gladstone's portrait was exhibited reversed, draped in crape, and inscribed with the words "Death to Honour." Lady Florence, always chivalrous, persuaded the owner of this work of art to restore Mr. Gladstone's portrait to a more dignified position. At Pretoria the English buried the flag (we have here a picture of the ceremony) under a tombstone marked *Resurgam*. The natives (who, after all, have the best right to the soil) think,

like a Hottentot befriended by Lady Florence, "English very kind, not like the Boer." On her return journey Lady Florence again passed Amajuba (the hill of many wild doves, *molurphaw*, a Homeric name), and she saw Kambula, Isandhlwana (the hill of the bloody hand), and the place where "the young lion" (as the Zulus call the Prince Imperial) fell. Cetewayo, too, she saw, and sympathized with; but events have superseded her remarks on Zulu politics. We end this notice of a cheery and vivacious record of travel with Lady Florence's account of diamond mining:—

The soil, when brought to the summit, is carted away and strewn on the ground, where it is left for a fortnight or three weeks to pulverize in the sun. At the expiration of this time, gangs of Kaffirs, superintended by a white overseer, break the large, dry lumps into powder, and this in turn is carted away to be placed in the washing machine. It is during the process of first breaking that some of the largest diamonds are discovered, and the overseer has to keep a sharp look-out on the workers in consequence. In spite of the terrible penalty incurred by any one detected in the act of secreting a good find, thefts are very rife, and many a diamond finds its way into Kaffir possession in spite of the sharpest vigilance. During the process of washing, the gravelly substance, which is full of garnets, as well as the diamonds, sinks to the bottom of the machine, while the earthen substance disappears in another channel. When it has been thoroughly washed through two or three times, this gravel is collected and strewn on tables, where searchers, with steel instruments somewhat resembling very broad knives, carefully turn it over and over in minute search. Then it is that the precious jewel is discovered in all manner of sizes and shapes, when it is placed in a small tray, on which another overseer keeps his watchful eye. I was given several little heaps of gravel to dissect, and in half-an-hour had succeeded in discovering about twenty or thirty diamonds, of very fair size, and some so perfectly shaped that they had every appearance of having just left the cutter's hands.

The drawings, by Major Fraser and Captain C. F. C. Beresford, R.E., are excellent, full of character, and really add much to the information conveyed in *The Land of Misfortune*.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.*

IT would have been well for us had all the distinguished artists of the sixteenth century shared Benvenuto Cellini's opinion, that every man who made himself famous by any great work ought to write his own biography. What an invaluable possession to all future generations would be pocket-diaries kept by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, or Leonardo da Vinci! But Cellini's "Vita" is more than this. It is a picture of the period in which he lived. Arrived at the age of forty, he thought it was time to review his life and to chronicle for the information of posterity some account of his achievements, his wanderings, and the men he knew. So far as we can discover by comparing his statements with contemporary authorities, these reminiscences are perfectly correct. Cellini was a man of stormy passions and disordered life; but he does not seem to have been a liar in his biography or to have glorified himself unduly, though he writes in a boasting tone. In a sort of prefatory sonnet he regrets having lost so much precious time in vanity, but, seeing that regrets are vain, he congratulates himself on the works of beauty he has been enabled to achieve. When Cellini had nearly finished his "Vita" he sent the manuscript to the writer Benedetto Varchi, in order that any necessary corrections in grammar or style might be made. There is a letter on the subject still preserved in which Cellini tells his friend that he has tried to mention the most important facts of his life, leaving out minor details for fear the book should grow too long, also omitting many astonishing circumstances, and only recording those incidents about which his memory was perfectly clear. Varchi, being a man of taste and intelligence, made no changes in the text, but merely added a few marginal notes. He saw that it was better not to interfere with the simple and vigorous, if somewhat rough, style of the author. The faults of composition seemed to him of little consequence compared with the danger of destroying the fresh, natural tone of the narrative. Cellini was anxious that the prefatory sonnet should receive a little polish from his friend's accomplished pen; but Varchi sent it back untouched, and contented himself with signing a sonnet of his own which he found copied in the text. This sonnet he had written on hearing a report of Cellini's death, which afterwards turned out to be false. Of the original manuscript little is in the author's own writing. The different hands show that he several times changed his amanuensis. It seems to have been begun about 1540, and stops in the year 1562. Several contemporary copies were made, but the whereabouts of the original manuscript was for a long time unknown until discovered by De Poirot at the beginning of the present century. Meantime many editions had been brought out. First, one by Antonio Cocchi in 1728, but from what text we do not know. An English translation appeared in 1771, and one by Goethe in German in 1803. There was a French translation, printed in 1822, although General Dumouriez seems to have prepared one fifty years previously which had never been published. Of Italian editions there were several, but none of much value, although two of the contemporary copies could have been consulted in libraries at Florence. At last the Abbé Carpani of Milan produced in 1821 an edition with copious notes, which would have been final had not De Poirot discovered Cellini's original manuscript. Every one is now familiar with this

* Benvenuto Cellini, Orfèvre, Médailleur, Sculpteur. *Recherches sur sa vie, sur son œuvre et sur les pièces qui lui sont attribuées.* Par Eugène Plon, Éaux-fortes de Paul le Rat. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1883.

biography, interesting not only as regards the artist, but as a contribution to history at the time when Italy was at the summit of its art renown.

Notwithstanding all M. Plon's unwearied researches, he has not been able to discover any good genuine picture of Cellini. For a frontispiece he has been obliged to content himself with a copy of a portrait painted in fresco on porphyry. It may possibly be the "ritratto" mentioned in an inventory made after Benvenuto's decease, but M. Plon only collects certain facts which might lead to that conclusion. He always gives his readers the benefit of his painstaking labours in research and leaves them to draw their own inferences. In the Palazzo Vecchio there is a fresco by Vasari representing Cosmo de' Medici surrounded by the architects, engineers, and artists whom, during his life, he had employed. Most probably one of these heads is a likeness of Cellini. There is a long and elaborate dissertation about it, very interesting, but too complicated to enter into here. Amongst engraved portraits, of which there are many, M. Plon has discovered two perfectly distinct types of face, one of which, however, resembles that given in the frontispiece. It seems strange that a celebrated man who had travelled in different countries, been acquainted with many great painters, and attached to several Courts, should not, at some time or other, have had a better picture taken than this small fresco. Perhaps something may yet turn up in England which can be identified with this world-renowned goldsmith.

It is the second part of M. Plon's splendid and scholarly book which will be found most useful to students. It contains an investigation of the works of Cellini and is admirably arranged. The first portion consists of a list of those designs spoken of in his "Vita." The second part contains a catalogue of the works attributed to him. The author does not try to come to any decision as to whether the fine engravings he supplies are genuine Cellini work or not. He simply gives all the facts and traditions known, and this is the way really to help investigation. Of the jewels set by Benvenuto but very few can be traced. Probably changes of fashion have led to the destruction of those in which there were stones of large value. Even in Cellini's lifetime he had the mortification of seeing a diamond he had taken great pains with reset by a rival goldsmith. Many objects may have been stolen and melted down or lost in the times of war. He mentions particularly several clasps, belts, rings, and pendants, none of which can be identified, not even the ring he made for his marriage, a ruby set in gold of the modest value of six crowns. He speaks of medals to be placed in caps, and describes mounting four on which much labour was spent and the payment generously large. It would be curious to know whether they were intended to distract the evil eye from the wearer, for which purpose they are still placed on the caps of children in the East. A great treasure seems to have been lost to us in a clasp made for a robe belonging to Clement VII. It was in gold. Fifteen little angels surrounded the figure of the Deity. A diamond which had cost six thousand ducats formed the centre, whilst numerous other stones of value set in enamel composed the border. There is mention of a piece of work representing Leda and the swan, which may perhaps be identified with the cameo now at Vienna, but the description does not exactly coincide. There were many objects in steel and gold with which the artist was much pleased, but they have not been satisfactorily identified.

It is known that Cellini designed many seals. His jealousy was aroused by the successes of Lautizio, and he determined, although that sort of work was not at all in his line, to beat him on his own ground. Two of those which M. Plon has discovered are very handsome. They were made for Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga, of Mantua, and are of large size. The design of one is very elaborate, containing about thirty figures round a stone arch, besides the Cardinal's coat-of-arms. There is a wide border, with the inscription, "HEE. GONZAGA. S. MARIE NOVE DIAC. CAR. MANTVAN." Benvenuto also determined to try his skill in making coins. He was employed in the Mint for several years by Alessandro de' Medici, besides executing a great number for other patrons. Unfortunately it is in the line in which Cellini perhaps least excelled that the greatest number of specimens survive to our time. The bronze nymph of Fontainebleau at the Louvre is by no means a very attractive work. There is a want of feminine grace in the limbs, which in their length and thinness would better have suited an entombment. The stag's head comes in awkwardly, and is weak in design. Nor are any of the other statues of exceptional power or interest. The Jupiter has the effect of being too large in the head, too small in the feet, too short in the arms—in fact, by no means heroic. The bust of Bindo Altoviti has little to recommend it. The marble crucifix, of which the artist himself thought so highly, although evidently studied with much care and knowledge, is a painful and unsatisfactory production. So far as we have means of judging, Cellini's genius lay in what was his original trade, that of goldsmith and jeweller. Here he was probably unsurpassed for fertility of invention and delicacy of handiwork. The greatness of his fame is proved by the number of works which collectors have endeavoured to attribute to him. Our space forbids any discussion on the numberless beautiful pieces of sixteenth-century work depicted in this volume. Every facility has been given to connoisseurs to make up their minds upon their genuineness as works of Benvenuto.

We must now say a word on the merits of the book as a whole. It has long been anxiously looked for, and it cannot fail to satisfy the high expectations raised. The modesty with which the author expresses his views, the clearness with which he arranges

his materials, the beauty of the engravings, the fulness of the index, all leave nothing to be desired. No art library can do without this interesting and exhaustive treatise on Benvenuto Cellini, his life and his works.

A PERSIAN FARCE.*

NOT long ago the very existence of a Persian drama was unsuspected. Travellers, indeed, had recorded their experiences of certain curious performances in the sacred month of Moharram; but these reports had never conveyed any very definite idea of dramatic representation. We are apt to associate a play with stalls and boxes, footlights and drop-scenes, a manager and a box-office; and it was difficult all at once to realize dramatic effects deprived of all these accessories. Mr. Matthew Arnold was one of the first to introduce English readers to the Persian Passion Play, as he found it described by the Count de Gobineau; and since then every book about Persia has been full of this strange religious performance. Lately Mr. O'Donovan, in his *Merv Oasis*, has given more than one description of the miracle play of Hasan and Hoseyn—those "everlasting Imams," as he disrespectfully terms them—which was a constant, and, it seems, an irritating, accompaniment of the pilgrim caravan with which the Correspondent of the *Daily News* kept company from Shehrood to Sebsewar. Sir Lewis Pelly, by providing a very bad translation of the play—which, it is fair to add, was not executed by himself—has probably arrested the inquiring reader whom Mr. Arnold's essay set agog about Persian dramas. Nothing, indeed, more dull or wearisome than this endless dirge over the sufferings of an undeserving family can be conceived; and its interest really lies, not in itself, but in the amazing sensation it produces among its native audiences. Mr. O'Donovan relates that a Turkoman had to be held back by force from an attempt to rescue some sacred character who was about to be historically massacred; and the Count de Gobineau, and before him the old traveller Morier, have recorded many similar instances of excitement.

The Passion Play of Hasan and Hoseyn is not the only kind of dramatic performance in vogue in Persia. There is of course the Karaguz, a sort of Eastern Punch, but, unlike Punch, a thorough *bon enfant* and more inclined to broad jests than to the malicious torture to which our street hero is addicted. M. Chodsko, who has edited a selection from the Passion Play for Leroux's charming little *Bibliothèque orientale elzévirienne*, sees in Ketchel Pehlevan, the hero of the Persian Karaguz, a relationship to the Neapolitan Pulcinello, but with the addition of "a strictly religious education and a profound hypocrisy." Ketchel Pehlevan is, in fact, the personification of the Persian race, always invaded and conquered by foreigners, but ever rising superior to them. A slave, but conscious of this superiority, he employs a passive resistance which develops into hypocrisy. Patience, a shrewd head, a talent for intrigue, and an eloquent tongue, in the end give Ketchel Pehlevan, like his country, the upper hand. M. Chodsko cites an example of this kind of performance, and also of a superior kind of farce in which country life is the background, and the actors are a couple of gardeners, one of whom is in love with the other's daughter, and makes the father drunk in order to obtain an interview with her. There are many such farces with the like simple motives; but so far we believe none have been rendered into English. It is, therefore, with considerable pleasure and interest that we receive the little volume in which Messrs. Haggard and Le Strange have given us for the first time a Persian play, both in the original text and in English, with introduction, notes, and vocabulary. It is true the play is itself a translation from Azarbeijani Turkish; but it is not the less Persian in idea, though it has not apparently been performed in Teheran.

The *Vazir of Lankuran* is a very fair specimen of a simple farce. We do not wish to recommend it to London managers as a *lever du rideau*, though perhaps "adapted from the Persian" might read attractively on the playbill. The *Vazir* is rather too primitive and honest for our modern complicated taste, and its resources are of the most elementary. The first act opens in the harem of the Vazir, and shows that aged dignitary negotiating a purchase of a handsome jacket for his young and favourite wife, Sholih Khanum, unknown to his other spouse, Ziba Khanum, who is old and jealous. As luck will have it, this dreaded princess is listening to the whole arrangement behind a curtain, and a stormy interview follows, in which invectives are freely interchanged, and the Vazir's jealousy is awakened by a malicious story of Sholih Khanum's intimacy with a handsome young buck named Timur Agha, a nephew of the Khan of Lankuran. The curtain falls upon the extempore application of bastinado upon an innocent steward, because a sieve which had been left on the floor by a groom had sprung up and caught the Vazir a rap on the shin. In the next act the young hero Timur Agha and Nisa Khanum (a sister of Sholih Khanum) are discovered in earnest conversation. Timur is in love with Nisa, but the Khan himself desires to marry her. With a view to averting this catastrophe, Timur seeks an interview with Sholih Khanum, who can exert great influence over the Vazir, to postpone the fatal scheme; and, as they talk together, Ziba Khanum, the elder

* *The Vazir of Lankuran: a Persian Play. A Text-book of Modern Colloquial Persian for the Use of European Travellers, &c.* Edited, with a Grammatical Introduction, Translation, copious Notes, and a Vocabulary, by W. H. D. Haggard, late Second Secretary to H.B.M. Legation in Teheran, and G. Le Strange. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

wife, discovers them, and, believing them to be lovers, listens behind a screen to their conversation. Presently the Vazir is heard approaching; the discovery of Timur Agha in Sholih's apartment is not to be thought of; and the young man accordingly takes refuge behind the very screen which already conceals Ziba Khanum. The Vazir enters, full of the slanders Ziba has put into his head, and begins to tell Sholih how he, in spite of his age, had just given Timur Agha a nasty fall in wrestling. Timur cannot help bursting out laughing at this; whereupon the Vazir throws down the screen, like Sir Peter in Joseph Surface's library, and finds his vixenish old wife in suspicious company with the very young man in question. Timur throws the Vazir, like a bundle of clothes, into the middle of the room; the two wives exchange violent epithets; and the Vazir, in a furious rage and a good deal puzzled, hurries off to lay his grievance before his master the Khan. The third act displays this potentate exercising his judicial functions after the usual Oriental method; two or three cases have been disposed of when the Vazir rushes in, makes a great fuss, wants to resign his office, and gets an order for the arrest of Timur Agha, who, however, is so great a favourite with the people and so renowned for courage that he is allowed to escape. Troops are sent after him, and the Khan goes for a sail on the Caspian. In the fourth act the sisters Nisa and Sholih are discussing the chances of Timur's escape, when that gentleman makes his appearance in the harem, but has almost immediately to hide behind the screen again, as the Vazir's steps are heard. That official is somewhat mollified by the prospect of Timur's speedy arrest and execution, and urges Nisa to prepare at once for her wedding with the Khan. Everybody is on tenterhooks about the handsome young man behind the screen, when the Vazir's mother-in-law opportunely intervenes with a request that she may be allowed to draw a divination concerning the approaching marriage, which can only be done by covering the Vazir's head with a large pot. While the mother-in-law firmly presses down the pot over his eyes, Timur Agha is dragged from his hiding-place and pushed out of the room, only to return in a few minutes, with an innocent but determined aspect, and level a pistol at the Vazir's head. Things look serious, when the *deus ex machina* makes his appearance; a messenger arrives with the news that the Khan, while out sailing, had been overtaken by a storm, his boat had capsized, and he was drowned. This solves all difficulties; Timur succeeds to his uncle's throne; Nisa Khanum, by marrying the Khan, marries also her lover; the Vazir's jealousies and the proceedings against Timur fall to the ground, and everything ends happily for all the actors of the play. It is certainly not a very remarkable composition, but there is really plenty of fun and absurdity in the dialogue and situations, and, as the first Persian farce that has appeared in English, it is a very creditable performance. The picture of life in a Persian province and the intrigues of a harem is unfortunately only too natural and lifelike.

It is not, however, as a play that MM. Haggard and Le Strange have offered their text and translation to English readers, but rather as a guide to colloquial Persian. There is a notable lack of such books at present. Students learn Persian from classical works like the *Gulistan* and *Bostan* of Sa'di, or the *Odes* of Hafiz, which abound in phrases that are positively unintelligible to the sort of people a traveller has to deal with. The result is that even educated Persians complain that Englishmen speak Persian so beautifully that they need a dictionary to understand them. What was wanted was a bright interesting tale or play written in the common vernacular, with all necessary adjuncts in the way of notes and translation. This Messrs. Haggard and Le Strange have for the first time supplied. They give a carefully printed text, abounding in the idioms most useful in ordinary conversation; a free but accurate translation; an admirable vocabulary, and notes on the difficulties which occur in the text. The grammatical introduction is particularly deserving of notice. Many of the remarks are not to be found in the usual grammars, and are the result of personal experience among the people of Teheran. The pronunciation is well treated, and the use of the *izfat*, or connecting short vowel, is clearly explained; and of the many useful notes on inflections and constructions, those on the tenses of the verb can alone be pointed out as insufficient. We have referred to the accuracy of the Persian printing, which probably owes much to the revision of that excellent scholar, Mirza Mohammed Bakir; but the English is not quite so carefully edited. Such slips as "irradicable" for "ineradicable," and "data exists," and such an expression as "transmogrified," ought not to occur. The book is, however, very well done, and whether it is taken as a farce to laugh at, or a text-book of colloquial Persian, it is a real and valuable gain to Anglo-Oriental literature. No traveller in Persia should neglect to master it on his journey out; and the student who knows the classical language will do well to supplement it by some acquaintance with the ordinary vernacular as it is spoken by the actors in the *Vazir of Lankuran*.

NORWAY IN JUNE.*

THERE are few self-indulgences more harmless than that of recording the incidents of daily life in a journal. But, on the other hand, there are few literary offences more obnoxious than that of publishing a private diary. Mrs. Stone tells us in her

preface, in words of gloomy presage, that "at any rate this narrative is truthful. What befell us may befall anybody; what we saw, any one may see; what we did, any one may do." And it is with appalling conscientiousness that she substantiates this opening threat. Mrs. Stone and her husband "John," with conventional orthodox views, started last June on a conventional orthodox tour in Norway, and the result is recorded in a conventional orthodox way. For the publication of this book we feel no rancour towards Mrs. Stone, for among her many other feminine charms her ingenuousness is one of the most attractive. But we blame "John"—who is evidently a practical man (see pp. 13, 120, 136, 210, 218, &c.)—that he should not have pointed out to her, with the friendly authority of a husband, that it would have been wiser to relegate so minute a record of her daily life to the "little hands at home." Mr. and Mrs. Stone started on their expedition in the beginning of June with a wild, reckless anticipation of adventure. They give a list of the things with which any bold spirit who may follow their example should provide himself. Amongst these we find "a strong waterproof coat or cloak reaching to the ankles"; "a light dust-coat or cloak"; "a sheet of waterproof tarpaulin"; "two good stout straps, each pierced with a great many holes"; "one or two pieces of plain old yellow soap"; "a bottle of vaseline"; "some tea"; "Brand's concentrated beef-tea, in skins"; "marmalade"; "a small bottle of citric acid in crystals" (this—a substitute for green vegetables—they unfortunately left behind); "two chamois-leather bags for money, fastened with strings," &c. It is, of course, wise to be provided against all possible emergencies, like the knight in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-glass*; but, as Mr. and Mrs. Stone very sensibly kept to the beaten track, they had always the comforts of hotel accommodation, and were luckily never thrown on their own resources. Mrs. Stone omits from her list the two deadliest items of all—namely, a diary and a camera. Whenever the party came to a standstill, she was wont to produce the former, and her husband the latter, and no neighbouring object was allowed to escape. Before getting into a carriage, for instance, John would adjust his lens and seize a likeness of the vehicle, while Mrs. Stone, scribbles in hand, jotted down its colour, dimensions, and capabilities. Before entering a boat, Mrs. Stone had to record in her journal a description of its "lines," while John was photographing the rowlock and "thole-pin." The result of this system is a prominence of detail such as appears in the severer forms of nightmare. By the way, amateur photographers may read with interest the account of John's ingenious non-actinic method of changing his photographic plates under the bed-clothes in order to circumvent the inconvenience of the midnight sun.

Mrs. Stone indulges us with so many details of her private life that we are driven into speculations of a personal nature which, under other circumstances, would perhaps be out of taste. Thus, as her faculties for description seem to be not much above the average, we should imagine that—from the most laudable point of view—she has rather cultivated her powers of minute observation as well as those of artistic enthusiasm in order to suit the photographic tastes of her husband. And for this effort she deserves—from a domestic point of view—most unqualified praise. But however much she may have thrown her heart into the task, the signs of labour are, we feel compelled to say, still apparent. For instance, when she is shown a Viking galley, her endeavours to kindle a flame of excitement are not only evident, but are such as to awaken in any one who realizes the state of affairs a feeling of keen sympathy. Mr. Burnand, in his original *Happy Thoughts*, describes himself in a feudal castle endeavouring to summon up suitable sensations. He says to himself, "Let me give myself up to romance. This is a feudal castle. . . . This is a feudal castle. . . . I don't get beyond this idea. Feudal castle. Feudal castle. Barons, &c.," and he gets no further. In the same way Mrs. Stone comes to rather a standstill in her admirably meant attempts to awaken in herself a spark of reverence in the presence of this old Norwegian hulk. While John is hard at work photographing the interesting remains from different points of view, poor Mrs. Stone sits, pencil in hand, yearning for inspiration; which, alas! refuses to come. First, as she admits, with good-humoured frankness, she fixed herself before the wrong vessel—a poorer specimen which had been previously discovered—and confesses to having experienced a pang of disappointment. But even when she confronted the right one her enthusiasm seems a little laboured. However, after a few gallant attempts, she takes refuge in statistics, which, with a few quotations from the *Frithiof Saga*—"one of the finest poems the world possesses"—efficiently cover her retreat. We congratulate her heartily on her ingenuity. But Mrs. Stone cannot always adopt the statistical method for covering her lack of poetical feeling when face to face with the sublime. Her alternative resource is in such phrases as "Words cannot express," "Language is utterly inadequate to convey," &c. We can quite understand, however, the paralysing feeling of awe which she must have experienced in the Romsdal valley at the unusual spectacle of a "motionless torrent" (p. 112).

Mrs. Stone's opinions upon the shoeing of horses are modest and sensible, if not very original. But we can assure her that the habit of fitting the hoof to the shoe instead of the shoe to the hoof is as common in Norway as in England. Indeed we once saw one of the "intelligent and humane Norwegian bønder" of whom she speaks, paring away the hoof of his horse to fit, not an ordinary shoe, but the iron heel which he had ingeniously taken

* *Norway in June.* By Olivia Stone. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

off his own boot. We feel less inclined to be critical with Mrs. Stone when she confines herself to a simple-minded narrative of her daily doings than when she attempts moral aphorisms or dissertations upon general questions, for these are apt to be singularly unimportant. However, we must remind her that she is engaged in a somewhat futile task when she tries to awaken an interest in anonymous guests at a *table d'hôte*—a class of people singularly unhuman even in the flesh. A reader always resents the tributes which tourist authors are so fond of paying to "genial Mr. and Mrs. S." or "bearty old Dr. McK." Then, again, humour is certainly not Mrs. Stone's strongest point. And the lack of this quality causes her to publish many anecdotes which persons of more perception would have reserved for their private delectation. Take, for instance, her rather lengthy description of "An Odd Traveller," who, when a shower of rain came on, covered his hat (very wisely) with an oilskin case. No doubt the context of events may have made this incident extremely amusing at the time; but, as it stands in Mrs. Stone's book, the anecdote can excite no emotion whatever in the reader. Here again is one of our author's amusing tales taken at haphazard:—

Our skydeput this stage was a pleasant, bright-faced "pige" (girl) about thirteen or fourteen. She knew a little English, and insisted on trying to speak. While still some distance from the Monge Fos, we had asked her where it was; she answered in English, "You shall not see it now." Much puzzled by this reply, we repeated our question in another form. The girl thought for a few minutes, and then said slowly and distinctly, "You—shall—not—see—it—now." "Why?" we asked. She looked at us, rather wondering at our stupidity, I suppose, and again calmly repeated, "You shall not see it now." The only conclusion we could come to was, that either the fos was dried up—a very unlikely event in June—or that we had made a mistake as to the Monge Fos being in Romsdalen. Suddenly a happy thought struck me—she means, "You cannot see it yet"; only a wrong verb and adverb, a mistake to which I feel sure we often treat our various continental neighbours. The guess was correct, for, rounding a corner, we came upon the fall in question.

Such a story as this would require all the charm of personal narration to carry it off even amongst a party of intimate friends. Probably it was often difficult for Mrs. Stone to bear in mind that she was writing for a critical public. It must frequently have been a weary, heart-breaking task, at the end of a long day's drive, to sit on the side of the bed, and endeavour to record vividly on paper the impressions of the day's experiences. We must remind Mrs. Stone, however, that her task was a self-imposed one. Under the abnormal excitement of her holiday her enthusiastic jottings were excusable. But, on her return to England, in her calmer moments, she should have asked some one to look through her MS. and ruthlessly cut out the superfluous two-thirds. This same friendly adviser might also have corrected such obvious slips of the pen as, "I slept—if such it can be called," &c. When Mrs. Stone confines herself to simple description she is sometimes able to be pleasantly graphic—as, for instance, in her account of a Norwegian waterfall:—

One of the great charms of the Norwegian waterfalls is that they are not enclosed; one has not to pay to see them. They are not dammed up, and turned on at the approach of visitors, as are so many falls in America and elsewhere. To this fos, as to most, a little out of the beaten track, there is no direct path. Leaving the road at that point which seemed the nearest to the fos, we boldly struck out for it as the crow flies. At its foot we found the picturesque moss-clad hut—which we had seen from the road, blending so well with the scenery around—to contain a small pair of mill-stones for grinding corn. A primitive wooden trough pushed into the edge of the fos conveyed the motive power to the stones. They were not working when we saw the mill.

During the last few days the sun had been so powerful that the snow on the neighbouring mountains had melted freely. The result was that the lakes above had become swollen beyond their normal limits, and an enormous quantity of water was thundering down the cascade. Words fail to describe the uproar, the hissing of the spray, the tossing of the many sub-currents of the water, until their individuality was lost in the general chaos of the stream as it neared the bottom of the fall. The formation of the rocks at the top, on the left bank, creates a beautiful continuous curl in the water at the centre, just before the plunge is taken. On the right bank, about half-way up, there is a little natural plateau, seemingly made on purpose for seeing the fall, from which the view, up and down, of the cascade is most imposing and beautiful. Lying down at the summit and looking up at the lake, at the water above, swiftly, silently gliding along to the narrowed outlet on the right, where in an instant it will plunge into the wildest disorder, one is reminded of the similar flow of the food above Niagara, and experiences somewhat of the same feelings of becoming irresistibly fascinated, until at last one is forced to rise, to avoid the influence becoming unbearable.

In conclusion we are bound to give Mrs. Stone a word of praise for her unvarying accuracy, though we have had to complain of the ludicrous prominence she gives to details of the most minute importance. Certainly the diary of her tour in Norway contains the materials for a very useful little guide-book to the part of the country that she visited.

THE TOWER GARDENS.*

ON glancing into her somewhat closely printed volumes we were inclined to think at first that, from the professional critic's point of view, Miss Alldridge had dealt us over-liberal measure. But we are bound to say that before we had read more than a chapter or two we ceased to fear that her novel would prove tedious. *The Tower Gardens* is a lively and entertaining story, with a judicious blending of characters and scenes which are taken alternately from the town and the country. The

author's predilections would probably have induced her to linger in the picturesque rural districts on the northern shores of the Solway, where some of our future intimates are living in an extremity of penury. But she knows that the sensations of romance in action are to be sought among the crowds of a great city; and accordingly she has centred her chief interest around the gardens that stretch along the wharves of the Thames under the sombre shadows of the Tower. And in business life and with her City people she seems to be nearly as much at home as Mrs. Riddell, whom she has evidently studied and admired. We do not say that she imitates the ingenious author of *George Geith*; but she has borrowed some valuable hints from that writer in the *mise* of her scenes and the choice of her subjects. There is nothing that strikes us as very original in the materials of the plot; we have a shipwreck, a disappearance, and a family secret which causes infinite misery to those whom it concerns. But there is decided independence in the sharp drawing of the characters, who are very naturally compounded of the virtues and the foibles which form the moving springs of human life and action.

The opening chapters of the story introduce us to the interior of the lonely residence of a gentleman farmer situated somewhere in Galloway. With the comfortable house and its romantic surroundings, it was meant to be the abode of tranquillity and of the rustic graces. But the gentleman farmer is laid in the churchyard, and has left a legacy of debt and despondency to the survivors. Captain Bayliss had gone on perseveringly throwing good money after bad, till his heart had been broken by a succession of disappointments. And his widow, in place of taking warning by his fate, has determined to sacrifice herself and her belongings to his crotchets. The look-out is apparently hopeless enough. Three women who are ladies both by birth and education are literally starving themselves on the coarsest fare, while they have to lament unsatisfactory crops and the untimely deaths of their live stock. Happily however, they have a benevolent relative in London, who is a bachelor and a flourishing man of business to boot, notwithstanding sundry fancies which he indulges. And John Harbuckle comes to the rescue, in answer to an appealing and explanatory letter from a niece who is more practically minded than her sorrowing mother. This Mr. Harbuckle is very cleverly sketched, though he is one of those old-fashioned merchants of fiction who, we fear, are by no means so common in reality. He has managed to make money somehow, and is rich; but he has made it in an easy-going jog-trot way that leaves him ample leisure for distraction. Nor has he ever so entirely absorbed himself in his trade as to kill the memory of a romance of his youth, on which the history of the story mainly turns. His private apartments are crowded like the rooms of an old furniture-shop in Wardour Street, and his tables are littered like those of one of the literary dilettanti who write incessantly and seldom publish. In short, he is devoted to anything that is old, including that undying memory of an ancient attachment. It is a serious step to throw open his doors to a party of feminine relatives who are sure to set everything to rights. But he has not only a strong sense of his family responsibilities, but a craving to fill the aching void in his affections; and when he has sent an indefinite invitation to his Scottish kinsfolk, he is amply rewarded by their accepting it. Their arrival in his gloomy old house near the Tower Gardens opens for him a sunny vista of new interests in his life; and all would have gone merrily as marriage bells had it not been for an unwelcome apparition and resurrection.

The resurrection of Mrs. Bayliss's brother-in-law from the dead is the secret that weighs upon the first half of the novel. But the author, as we think very wisely, does not keep us too long in conscious suspense; and the mystery is comparatively quickly cleared up, to involve her leading characters in embarrassing complications and change the nature of the reader's interest. It was believed that the accomplished and agreeable Arthur Bayliss, the father of one of Mr. Harbuckle's nieces and the uncle of the other, had gone down at sea. His death by an awful shipwreck had been duly reported; it was known that he had bolted to escape his creditors, and it was imagined that his affectionate widow had died of a broken heart. John Harbuckle had been treasuring more than one bitter grievance against the missing man. He thought that he could forgive Bayliss for having robbed him of the girl to whom he had been engaged; for, in the modesty that was one of his most marked characteristics, he admitted the superior fascinations of his rival. But his constancy being even greater than his modesty, he could not bring himself to pardon Bayliss for the life he had appropriated and wrecked. His affection had scented the ugly secret which the devoted widow would never divulge, but which he felt to be the immediate cause of her death. Consequently it is a shock, as well as a surprise, to the whole family circle when Arthur Bayliss appears again in the flesh. The author manages the reproduction of the fever-stricken African colonist very ingeniously. Arthur Bayliss is no villain; he is not even a good-natured scamp who is nobody's enemy but his own. He is an agreeable and fairly respectable man, whose weaknesses are moral timidity and self-indulgence; who has been guilty of one or two grave faults of which he bitterly repents; who hungers to be soothed by domestic affection, and has the grace to be thoroughly and generally ashamed of himself. He had been so far guilty of the death of his wife, inasmuch as he had made her an accomplice of his crime in admitting her to the secret of his fraudulent self-suppression. Nor does he mince matters in the interview he seeks with Harbuckle; when, throwing himself on that philanthropist's

* *The Tower Gardens*. By Lizzie Alldridge, Author of "By Love and Law." London: White & Co. 1883.

charity, he succeeds in exciting his generous sympathy. He awakens Harbuckle's sympathy, but he cannot altogether overcome his instinctive repugnance. Harbuckle is willing to help the other, but cannot like him; and Bayliss is still more grievously embarrassed by having started a thriving speculative business in the City under an assumed name, which it is practically impossible for him to drop. Then Bayliss deprives Harbuckle for the second time of affections on which he had been building his happiness. Harbuckle's heart had gone out to Bayliss's devoted daughter; and now the flush of passion of the girl's newly-born filial attachment necessarily excites the old uncle's jealousy. But we may be sure that such a nature as Harbuckle's is not to be permanently soured by discreditable or unworthy feelings; and as the prodigal shows the fruits of his sincere penitence, the growing regard of the genial old merchant condones the offences of the past.

We need hardly say that in a novel of this kind we have something more than the platonic rivalry of a pair of grey-headed elders. The pretty and sprightly Jessie Bayliss has a lover, who would sacrifice everything for her beautiful eyes. We must say that in the beginning we think that this Mr. MacCarruthers is altogether unworthy of her; he is somewhat commonplace, and he is masculinely selfish. Indeed our extensive experience in novels had induced us to doubt whether the author meant the couple ultimately to marry. If she did not mean that, however, she must have changed her mind as MacCarruthers grew in moral virtues under her hand. Like Mark Tapley, having got a fair chance, he comes out strong under seeming difficulties; and obstacles with unlooked-for disappointments only whet the ardour of his devotion. There is a happily conceived scene where he sees by chance, in the boxes of a London theatre, his idol devoting herself heart and soul to an agreeable companion. There is no mistaking the flashes of love which light up the eyes that used to beam so softly upon him. He yields to circumstantial evidence; goes away from the theatre, and sulks; and Jessie for a time is left hopelessly puzzled and lamenting. Of course the object of his jealousy is the father she has newly found. Then, when an explanation has brought her lover back to her, both of them are made to suffer from a more serious affliction. A wound accidentally received threatens to turn to malignant cancer; the verdicts of the doctors are naturally depressing, and a first operation is unsatisfactory. But we need hardly add that a beneficent and relenting Providence embodies itself in the person of a more intelligent man of science, who proposes a brilliantly successful operation, and so secures the happiness of the melancholy pair. This is not exactly a pleasant incident, but, as a rule, the story abounds in natural and rational excitement, while in not a few of the more or less sensational situations the author shows herself a mistress of quiet pathos.

MINOR NOTICES.

THERE is no doubt that a convenient English-Arabic Dictionary is really wanted (1). Nothing more perfect as a book for reference and study than Dr. Badger's magnificent work could be devised; but its size and cost place it beyond the reach of some students, and the capacity of most portmanteaus. Of smaller dictionaries there has hitherto been a complete dearth in England. Catafago's is so ill arranged and so full of irrelevant words, to say nothing of downright mistakes, that it may be put out of the question at once. Other dictionary, if we exclude some brief vocabularies, there is none. Dr. Steingass had, therefore, good reason to undertake the task of compiling a brief, accurate, and portable English-Arabic Dictionary, and he has so far succeeded that he has produced an improvement upon Catafago. The principle upon which he has formed his work is, however, somewhat too ambitious for its size and aim. "In the interest of the traveller, primary regard is paid to the modern idiom as it is spoken at the present day, principally in Egypt and Syria. For the benefit of the student, on the other hand, to still greater extent, recourse has been had to the literary and even poetical vocabulary; nay, in order to give a fuller idea of the character and richness of this remarkable language, numerous words have been inserted which belong to various slang dialects, as, for instance, the nicknames given to the principal necessities of life in the Tufaili dialect." This would be admirable in a large dictionary like Dr. Badger's, where there is space to indicate the difference between the various Arabic words given as equivalents for an English word; but in Dr. Steingass's moderate octavo volume of less than 500 pages there is no room for such distinctions; and the consequence is that half a dozen Arabic equivalents are placed one after the other, and the student or traveller is left to find out for himself which is the modern colloquial expression in Egypt, which the Syrian, which the literary or poetic, and which the slang Tufaili. It needs a practised scholar to discover the word he wants, and the beginner who tries to speak or write Arabic from Dr. Steingass's book will fall into endless pitfalls and make himself constantly ridiculous. The true principle for a small dictionary is to avoid multiplying terms, and to give the one general word which will answer most purposes. If a second term is necessary, the difference in meaning must be clearly explained. Above all, no mixture of poetic and colloquial expressions must be attempted, and slang words are much better left

out. In pointing out the serious disadvantages of trying to include many words in a space which will not allow of their being adequately distinguished, we are criticizing, not only Dr. Steingass's book, but all similar works; the last example is no worse than others, but it fails, just as former attempts in the same direction failed. This radical error apart, the book appears to have been carefully and conscientiously compiled. It is a pity that it was finished before Dr. Badger's great Dictionary was published, as many useful hints and corrections might have been taken from that monumental work. Under "pole," for instance, Dr. Steingass might have added the proper words for "tent-pole," "shoulder-pole," "north pole," "magnetic pole," &c.; under "poem" he should have distinguished "kasida-t" as a short set form, and added "ghazal," or ode, and "diwān," or collection of poems; and under "point" he should have mentioned "headland," "point of time," "of compass," &c. Many similar omissions might be indicated, and not a few misuses of terms. But a much more important fault is the absence of all idioms. An idiomatic phrase here and there would have been worth all the confusing synonyms which Dr. Steingass heaps up; and his judicious omission of regular verbal forms (participles, &c., or nouns of patient and agent, as they are called) really left room for the introduction of some of those special idioms which form so valuable a feature in Dr. Badger's Dictionary. With all its faults of omission and commission, Dr. Steingass's book will be useful to those who have advanced a certain length in the study of Arabic. The mention of the broken plurals and "aorists" will be especially valued; and the strict reduction of the articles to their simple meanings and the avoidance of irrelevant matter and significations that ought to be sought for under other headings must be highly commended. If it is not all that it should be, this English-Arabic Dictionary is certainly an improvement on its predecessors, and its good paper and type and careful printing will recommend it to those who have due respect for their eyes.

MRS. Riddell's volume (2) may be said to more than fairly deserve its title. All of the six stories collected in it have a decided air of weirdness, and all are well above the mark of the ordinary ghost story which turns up in Christmas numbers of magazines. One, however, is far superior to the rest in originality and power, and this is the story called "Sandy the Tinker." The notion has in one form or another been used before, and is found to some extent in, for instance, the Ingoldsby Legend called "Singular Passage in the Life of the late Henry Harris, D.D." But Mrs. Riddell has taken the idea of a person falling, without any fault or design of his own, under Satanic influence from a somewhat new and very striking point of view, and has worked it out with remarkable force. The story is told by a Scotch minister to the guests assembled under his roof, and deals with the terrible experience that befell another Scotch minister, Mr. Cawley. Cawley one day sent for him with a message couched in terms of the deepest anxiety and distress, and on seeing him proceeded to tell him with difficulty and terror of what he first called an awful dream that he had had. Presently he cried, "At least it was not a dream, it was a vision; no, I don't mean a vision—I can't tell you what it was; but nothing I ever went through in actual life was half so real, and I have bound myself to go through it all again. There is no hope for me, Mr. Morison. I sit before you a lost creature, the most miserable man on the face of the whole earth." Then follows the account of the dream or vision, which begins with Cawley's walking by the banks of the river Daldy, near an awesome-looking place called the Witches' Cauldron, where three streams meet and fall. There he met one who barred his path with a drawn sword, and said that the place belonged to him. Cawley proposed to return on his way. "You can't turn back," was the reply, given with a terrifying laugh. "'Of your own free will you have come on my ground, and from it there is no return.' I did not speak; I only just turned round, and made as fast as I could for the path at the foot of the crag. He did not pass me, yet before I could reach the point I desired, he stood barring my progress, with the scornful smile still on his lips, and his gigantic form assuming tremendous proportions in the narrow way." Presently "'Who are you that take such power on yourself?' I asked. 'Come closer, and I will tell you,' he said. I drew a step nearer, and he spoke one word. I had never heard it before, but, by some extraordinary intuition, I knew what it meant. . . . the name seemed to be taken up by the echoes, and repeated from rock to rock and crag to crag; the whole air seemed full of that one word." He who knows Hood's delightful book *Up the Rhine* may perhaps here be unseasonably reminded of the mock-tragic legend of the tailor and the Bursch who was possessed of the evil-working word; but that does not detract, from the merit of Mrs. Riddell's working out of the idea before referred to, of an innocent or presumably innocent person being caught in diabolical toils, and having a dreadful alternative put before him as a means of escape. What the alternative is, and what comes of the decision arrived at in the vision of the unhappy Cawley, readers may be left to find out for themselves. The vague horror of the thing is worked out with great ingenuity, and there is a true artistic touch about the manner in which the circumstances are left to explain themselves according to the reader's mood. Of the other stories we are inclined to think "The Open Door" and "The Old House in Vauxhall Walk" the best; but both are wanting in the skill which gives "artistic merit" to "Sandy

(1) *English-Arabic Dictionary for the use of both Travellers and Students.* By F. Steingass, Ph.D. of the University of Munich. London: Allen & Co. 1882.

(2) *Weird Stories.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: James Hogg.

the Tinker." There is certainly weirdness enough about "The Open Door," but the explanation is either too full or too scanty. If we are to suppose that the whole thing was brought about by the concealed criminal who is finally discovered, then we should have been told how it was brought about. If we are to assume that there was something supernatural or uncanny about the door itself, then what relates to the door should have been kept carefully separate from the merely human part of the story. So in the story of the Old House there is something like a capital error in the want of coherence between the two elements. The ghostly figure has really no share, or a scarcely perceptible share, in bringing to light the crime, and, if seen by the criminals themselves, would have effectually scared them away from the place which they haunt in search of a hidden treasure. The fact of its being seen by the man who finally discovers them is, in the same way, directly opposed to the chance of the crime being brought to light. No indications are afforded to him by the phantoms, and it is only because he is exceptionally cool-headed that the appearances do not frighten him out of the place at once. It must be admitted that never did a ghost act more directly against its own interests. Yet, again, the *ficelle* of the quantity of gold coins concealed actually in or on the walls of a room is tolerably well worn. However, the stories, as we have said, answer well to their name, and may be recommended to people who like creepy reading.

Stories of a different kind, and excellent stories of their kind, are told by Mrs. Middlemore in her pretty volume *Round a Posada Fire* (3). The volume has a brief preface, which, unlike some prefaces, is bright and interesting. "In offering to the public," Mrs. Middlemore writes, "the following Spanish legends, I am chiefly moved by the desire of showing to English readers a side of the national life not usually understood or recognized by foreign travellers in Spain. That country is apt to be regarded as a kind of immense opera-house, abounding in eccentric dances, extraordinary music, serenades to the guitar, peaked hats, velvet jackets, and the like—in short, as a great magazine of picturesque oddities." Mrs. Middlemore goes on to say that it is true enough that there is this side to Spanish life and character, and that it is also true that Spaniards are not disinclined to make the most of it for the benefit of travellers. "But there is another and more intimate phase of the Spanish character, which the ordinary traveller does not see—namely, the common peasant life of the muleteer or mountaineer, and the superstitions which possess him and govern his daily habits." The author—as we infer from what follows, and from the style of the stories themselves and the running accompaniment to them—has made special observations of this kind of life. It is pointed out, with complete truth, in the preface that "there is hardly a more superstitious creature on the face of the globe than the Spaniard. He delights in everything ghostly and supernatural, and loves nothing better than to sit over the fire on the nights of Good Friday or All Hallowe'en or on Christmas Eve, and tell marvellous stories of ghosts, of faith restored by the intervention of some saint, or of crime discovered and punished by the Christ of the Vega." The author provides for her stories a framework which seems naturally suggested by the passage just quoted, and which has a dramatic fitness. The *Posada del Sol*, at Cuenca, is chosen as the scene in which various passengers in a diligence meet and talk with other voyagers, including muleteers and the different people attached to the service of the diligence. They interchange stories, and each story has a certain appropriateness to the character of the person relating it, while all are impressed with the legendary attraction of which the preface gives us a hint. Of the actual legends it would be hardly fair to convey any notion in a brief abstract, since they are all given with a compactness which in these days of padding is specially commendable, and any further shortening could not but injure their effectiveness. But we may call attention to the sceptical advocate's story of the watchman who saw the Devil in the likeness of a person who asked for a light for his cigar, and on finding that the watchman's lantern was out, simply stretched himself up to reach the lamp hanging some twenty feet above the head of a tall man. The book is well got up, and printed in clear, pleasant type. If the illustrations were equally well printed, they might probably demand praise for their cleverness. One too familiar blunder—the use of the phrase "auto da fe"—is, we may assume from internal evidence, not chargeable to the author, who may be congratulated on having produced a very readable and interesting volume.

Of *Tales of Modern Oxford* (4) there is really hardly anything to be said but that the volume is bound in a hideous blue cover, and that the edges of the pages are disfigured with a yet more hideous blue. The "Tales" themselves are weak and wavering productions, which are disappointing because they bear a kind of mark of genuineness—of being written by a man who ought to know what he is writing about and who has missed an opportunity. Most of them have a more or less promising beginning, and none of them have a satisfactory middle or end. One at least of them has about it a certain swaggering air which might offend readers prepared to take a kindly view. But, as a whole, the stories are such things as might pass, one by one, unchallenged in a fifth-rate magazine. Collected in a volume of repellent aspect they have just enough cleverness to make them intolerable.

(3) *Round a Posada Fire: Spanish Legends*. By Mrs. S. G. C. Middlemore. With 21 Illustrations by Miss E. D. Hale. London: Satchell & Co.

(4) *Tales of Modern Oxford*. By the Author of "Lays of Modern Oxford." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A second edition has appeared of Mrs. Lynn Linton's extremely curious and, we may add, valuable collection of *Witch Stories* (5). The preface to this new edition contains a sentence which, as it seems to us, is worth attention:—"Superstition dies hard, or rather, so far as we have yet gone, it does not die at all, but only changes its form and removes its locality. If educated people do not now believe in witches and Satanic compacts, as in the ignorant old times of which these stories treat, they do believe in other things which are as much against reason and as incapable of proof." They believe, we may add, for instance, in "thought-reading," in spiritualistic manifestations, in rappings and ringings. They delight in honouring and paying a "medium," while they smile coldly on a professed conjurer who can, to borrow a phrase from a game which has lately been the subject of an ingenious pamphlet, see that medium's tricks and go at least one better. They lend a willing ear to the talk of Societies for the Rehabilitation of Ghosts, and they are deaf to the oft-repeated tales of discovery and exposure of thought-readers, mediums, and psychical investigators generally. They like to be deceived, and they do not like to believe that other people know how it is done. It is no longer possible for them to "swim" a witch, nor indeed do they now desire to do so. Superstition has moved up. Instead of an ignorant rabble burning to inflict tortures on an old woman suspected of magical practices, we have bodies of presumably sane and well-educated people longing for a ghost, and content in the absence of a well-attested phantom to make rejoicings over things which they call "phenomena"—things for which those who have studied the works and writings of the master of deception, Robert Houdin, will have little difficulty in finding another and a simpler name. To the people who are bitten with the disease of the marvellous Houdin's works and Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Witch Stories* might well be recommended, if there were any chance of the recommendation being of the slightest use. Unluckily, credulity of one sort is as unassailable now as was credulity of another sort in the times with which Mrs. Lynn Linton deals. We have no witches—except every now and then in an assize case—and the tricks to which we have referred have come in their place to satisfy the insatiable greed for being grossly deceived which seems likely to exist so long as human nature is unchanged.

Mr. Douglas publishes (6), in a peculiarly agreeable and handy form, and in excellent print, a set of Mr. W. D. Howells' novels, enclosed in a neat cloth box.

The Stage in the Drawing-Room (7) is a very little volume, containing some very useful and practical hints and instructions as to the simplest and best way of building up a stage and its accessories in an ordinary room, and with ordinary resources. The few remarks on acting are also well considered and to the point.

The tenth issue of Eason's *Almanac* (8) contains, among other things, tables of the Irish and Scotch Censuses, tables showing the reductions of rent that have taken place under the Irish Land Act on about 150 estates, and various other new and interesting matter.

The volume lately issued by the Council of the Charity Organization Society (9) contains the annual reports and balance-sheets of the District Committees from October 1880 to September 1881 and the annual report of the Council, with the balance-sheets of the general fund, and the District Committee Aid Fund for the year 1881.

The fifteenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales* (10), edited by Professor Liversidge, will be found to contain much interesting and attractive matter. The Society, started in 1821 as the Philosophical Society of Australasia, was for some time in abeyance, was revived in 1850, and after some trifling changes of name assumed its present title in 1866 with the Queen's sanction.

A new and enlarged edition appears of Mr. Jennings's extremely interesting and entertaining *Anecdotal History of Parliament* (11).

All Etonians, to say nothing of other people, will be interested by the pamphlet (12) which describes the daring deed of stealing the block. It contains, however, one curious blunder. "One of the party," writes the author, "told the story of how it had been stolen by a former Lord Waterford, a feat . . . which had never been repeated." As a matter of fact, it was repeated some eighteen years ago with the Lower School block which for a considerable time adorned a certain set of rooms at Oxford.

The Oxford University Press has issued a beautiful large edition of the *Parallel New Testament*, being the Authorized Version of 1611 arranged in parallel columns with the Revised Version, and with the Greek text followed in the Revised Version. The two

(5) *Witch Stories*. Collected by E. Lynn Linton. New edition. London: Chatto & Windus.

(6) *Mr. W. D. Howells' Works*. Author's edition. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

(7) *The Stage in the Drawing-Room*. By Henry J. Dakin. London: Griffith & Farran.

(8) *Eason's Almanac for Ireland for the year 1883*. Dublin: W. H. Smith & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(9) *Charity Organization Society: Reports of the Council and of the District Committees*. Offices of the Council: Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

(10) *Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Society of New South Wales*. Vol. XV. Edited by A. Liversidge, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the University of Sydney. Sydney: Richards. London: Trübner.

(11) *An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*. By George Henry Jennings. New edition. London: Horace Cox.

(12) *How I stole the Block*. By an Old Etonian. London: Bickers.

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